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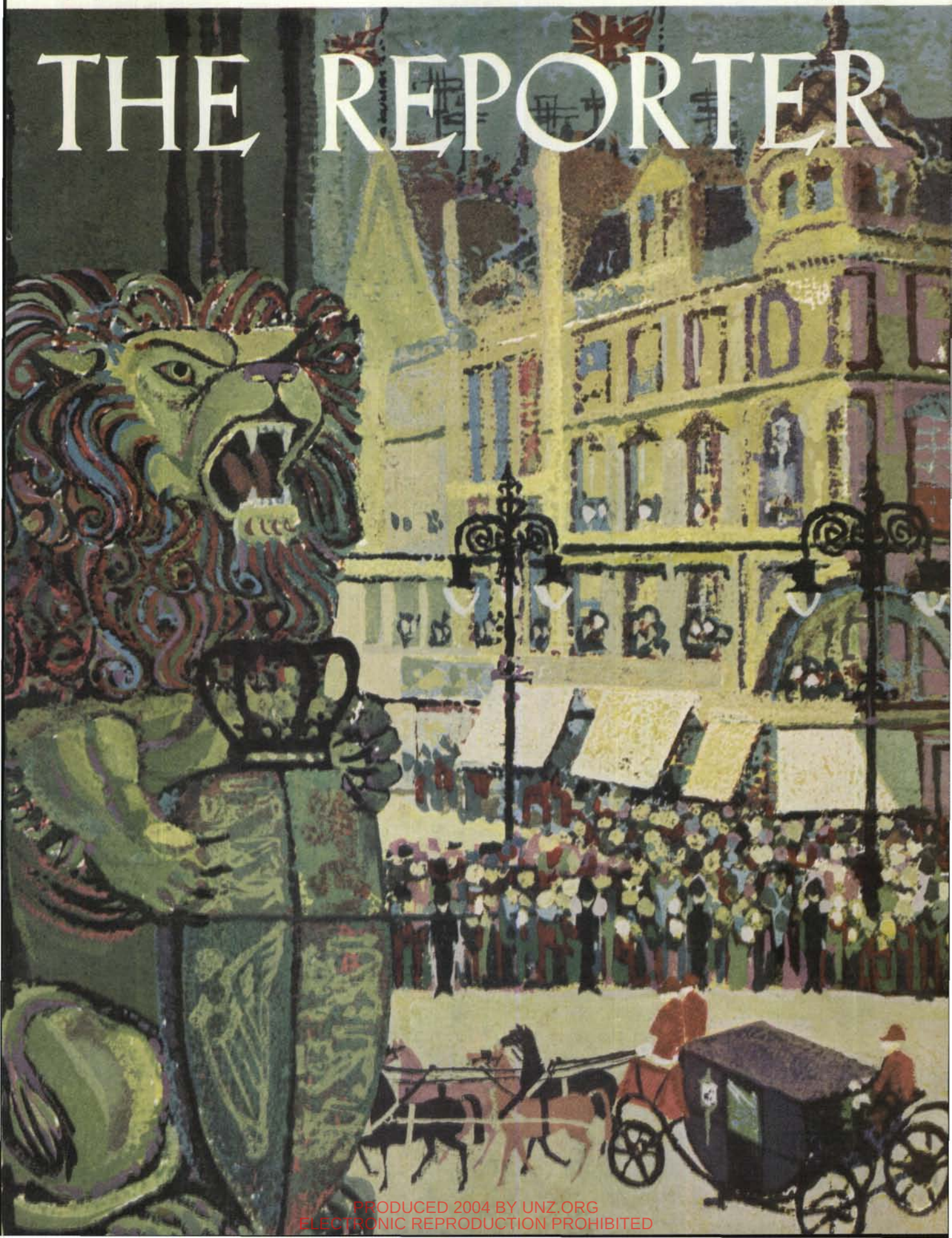
May 30, 1957 25¢

BRITAIN'S FATEFUL GAMBLE (page 20)

THE REPORTER



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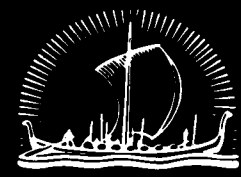

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Poor Generalship

Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* recently drew an elaborate comparison between the present budget fight in Washington and the Battle of Gettysburg. Quite apart from President Eisenhower's subsequent strictures on the quality of generalship in that engagement, the comparison seems to us unfortunate. It implied the existence of a battle plan and a determination to win on the part of the President, neither of which has been discernible.

According to technicians in the Budget Bureau, it was quite possible last June—nearly a year ago—to visualize with fair accuracy the dimensions of the fiscal 1958 budget. At that time the President could have ordered a lower ceiling, though probably not much lower. But an election was in the offing then, and there was no directive from the White House.

In December, just as the final departmental estimates began to reach the President, the Bureau of Labor Statistics announced a new rise in the cost of living. It was evidently fear of inflation rather than the prospective size of the budget that prompted Mr. Eisenhower to issue an order to all departments to try for further cuts.

Since then the President's remarks on the subject have provided a fascinating study in ever-changing emphasis. Naturally enough, a conviction has grown up that he really cared very little about the cause for which he has now belatedly gone to the country.

White House aides are inclined to stress the educational value of the President's current defense of his budget. It is necessary, they argue, for the President to create countervailing power and publicity against the vested-interest groups that inevitably develop in support of each separate item in the budget.

The only trouble is that in choosing this particular educational role, Mr. Eisenhower has forfeited what many regarded as a fine opportunity, at the outset of his second administration, to focus public attention on such basic matters as foreign aid, schools, and housing. As it is, the momentum behind his over-all program has been almost entirely lost in the wrangle over money.

THE IRONY is that the business and industrial leaders to whom he so endeared himself with campaign talk of economy and tax cutting, far from being impressed by his invitation to Congress to trim the budget a little bit here and there, are plainly outraged. The National Association of Manufacturers has gone all out for a slash of $8.2 billion and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce for one of $5 billion. *Business Week* reports a widespread "souring of business sentiment toward what has generally been labeled a businessman's Administration" and runs three quotation-laden pages to prove it. The quotes range from the charitable view of a New England industrialist that "Eisenhower's all right, but he's surrounded by a bunch of socialist eggheads" to the blast of a General Motors official against "unsound monetary policies and New Deal-inspired international WPA."

Of even greater immediate significance is the hardening of resistance to the administration among Republicans on Capitol Hill, where the President's performance has served both to deepen and to expose the split in his party's ranks. "Modern Republicanism" has become an embarrassing phrase, and whatever chances may have existed for a strong Eisenhower team in Congress have been dissipated. Notably, there has been a marked shift in the attitude of such party professionals as House Minority Leader Joseph Martin, who in the past managed to swallow personal convictions in a plausible display of loyalty to the administration. When Martin announced, after a studied delay, that he too favored slashes in the President's program, a colleague remarked, "Joe must have felt that the President didn't care any more or else that it didn't matter if he did."

Well-founded reports have it that no one has a livelier appreciation than Vice-President Nixon of the political consequences of Mr. Eisenhower's wobbling on the budget. Not only is he believed to have been one of the stauncher supporters of the budget in Cabinet sessions, but in private conversation he has spoken with some feeling of Mr. Eisenhower's failure to grasp the true political significance of the New and Fair Deals. Mr. Nixon apparently realizes that by and large they are here to stay—and that the Republicans should learn to put them to work for their own party. In spite of

'THERE MUST BE AN END TO IT'

Must we then wait for needles, world-dispersed,
To quiver and record another blast,
Or can we hope one nation will be first
To say: "In man's name, let this be the last"?

There's argument about how much can hurt,
How high or low the threshold of our harm,
And while we argue, the slow-falling dirt,
Invisible and soundless, sounds alarm.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, May 30, 1957, Volume 16, No. 11. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. © 1957 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

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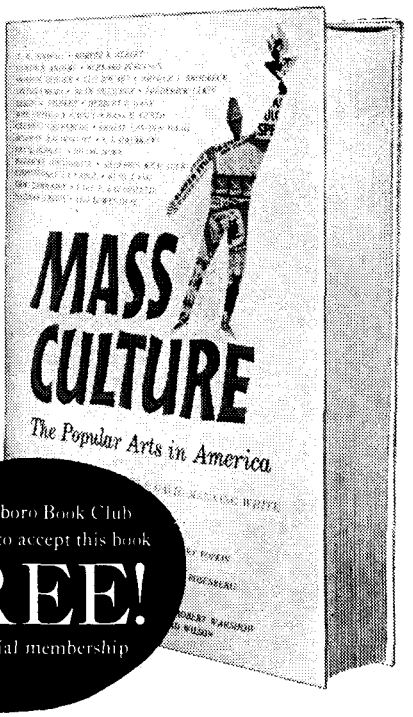

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the highly organized business campaigns for budget slashing, the canny Mr. Nixon certainly realizes that he can't campaign at his best in 1958—or 1960—on a record of Republican parsimony.

Washington's Stepchild

The present wrangle between President and Congress over just how much money is to be given to the United States Information Agency seems to us to miss the fundamental point about this controversial government agency, namely, what its real function should be, regardless of how much money it gets.

The President says USIA needs at least $30 million more than it got last year to do its job. Congress thinks it could get along without it. The agency's chief, Arthur Larson, pleads that now is the time to "pour it on," since communism is "on the run." Pour what on? Just more official statements over more transmitters manned by more and more people? What will be accomplished by saturating the world with Dulles' communiqués at $144 million a year that hasn't been accomplished at the present $113-million level? Why $113 million, in fact? Why not $90 or $50 million—or any figure you care to pick, if USIA's function is mainly to distribute press releases throughout the world?

It has always seemed to us that an information and propaganda establishment set up as an arm of foreign policy should also have a voice in the formation of that policy. The propagandist or public-affairs expert on a foreign country has—or should have—a special awareness of the possible impact of American moves there, and be able to offer advice on shrewd ways of timing, addressing, and explaining them. This is something quite different from just "pouring it on."

This basic mission our information establishment has never quite succeeded in carrying out, although there were periods during the war and after when it gave promise of doing so. Even then it showed tendencies to substitute sheer mass of numbers for what it could not attain by influence at the top, with the result that it became one of the greatest empire builders of all time. The Eisenhower administration came in resolved to cut the USIA down to size, as well as to take it out from under

FALLOUT AND THE AEC

(We have received the following comment on our last issue from Senator Clinton P. Anderson, Vice-Chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. Other comments appear in "Correspondence" on page 8.)

The Reporter is to be commended for a valuable public service in publishing "Clouds from Nevada" by Paul Jacobs in the May 16 issue. I have read with care both the article and Max Ascoli's editorial.

The service they perform lies in filling the void created by the Atomic Energy Commission's information policy on the fallout problem. The Reporter tells the other side of the story. Of necessity, it is one-sided. Until the AEC makes a fuller disclosure of its information, the article "Clouds from Nevada" may stand unchallenged.

Mr. Jacobs has handled well such facts as were available to him, and the conclusions he draws from them are restrained. It is difficult for me to distinguish between my reaction to the article and my personal opinion, based on information from other sources. However, I think Mr. Jacobs demonstrates that the AEC has been less than absolutely honest in its dealings with the public as to fallout hazards accompanying the Nevada tests. This, according to Mr. Jacobs, is because the AEC wishes to avoid saying anything which, in their opinion, would be "psychologically bad."

I wonder who is practicing bad psychology? It seems to me that it is bad psychology for the AEC to withhold faith in the public's willingness to deal with danger. It seems to me that the public's wishes and the physical well-being of every citizen are considerations equally important to the scientific convenience upon which the AEC seemingly places so much emphasis.

If you accept Mr. Jacobs's conclusions, it appears that the AEC is circumventing a possible public objection. The public quickly senses the circumvention. The result certainly cannot be psychologically good.

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the wing of the State Department in order to free it for greater usefulness. As a matter of fact, in terms of cost and numbers the Eisenhower administration has encouraged USIA to rise to far greater heights than ever before. Nevertheless, the USIA is still a glorified handout agency.

There is a whole staff of "policy officers" at USIA—only they don't make policy. Frequently USIA hears of key pronouncements that it must interpret throughout the world only after they have already been made. Then, with all its vast machinery, it has to make the best of them and go all-out on them—even if the tone and timing may strike its experts as extremely maladroit. It has been hard for USIA to get good men to work under such conditions—and it will be even harder now that Congress is about to apply the meat ax.

A question arises as to whether it might not be better for the USIA to make a new start altogether under a new mandate that would assure it a closer, better-informed relationship with those who make U.S. foreign policy.

Our Own Bestiary

About this time of the year city editors across the country dispatch reporters to local zoos to take people's minds off the Bomb and the Budget. Sharing their belief that there is nothing like an animal story to distract attention from stories about man, we solemnly call your attention to the following items:

Platypuses are both stupid and nervous: The pair at the Bronx Zoo are too nervous, if not too stupid, to reproduce themselves.

The yak in the zoo at Central Park with one horn curved under his chin seems to want to hang himself on it.

Swallows examine birdboxes a long time before renting: They like to read the fine print.

Moulting animals are very unhappy about themselves: They look like women just before a permanent.

Captain Alan Villiers of the *Mayflower II* sent a signal to London which included the following: "Felix, the month-old cat, caught first flying fish to fly aboard and now maintaining constant patrol in scuppers for more such fishes."

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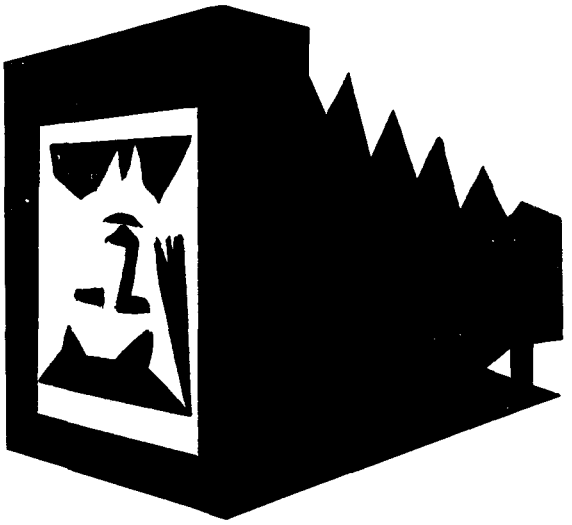

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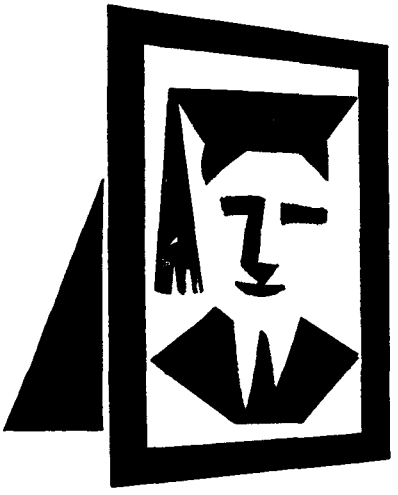

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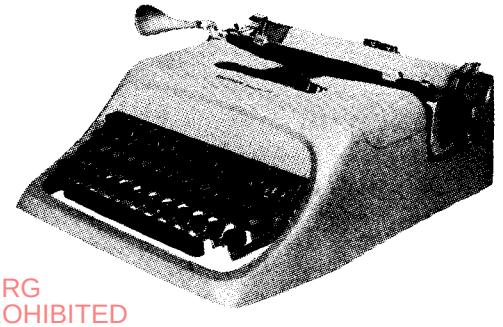

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AFTER taking a look at the present patterns of commercial television in our issue of May 2, we decided to find out what's going on in a distinctly noncommercial area of the vast TV constellation that has exploded upon us in the last decade. The articles on educational TV in this issue describe the various experiments that have been made so far with electronic teachers' aids—experiments that have been denounced by some as the first steps toward education by automation and praised by others as promising the final solution of "the crisis in education." **Philip Horton's** editorial attempts to strike a balance between these extreme views.

Most of the impetus for the development of educational television —or ETV—has come from the Ford Foundation. Contributing Editor **William Harlan Hale** sketches the history of Ford philanthropy in this area and describes the latest achievement of those who have been leading the ETV movement. **Thomas P. Lantos** recounts the trials and tribulations of a professor who is being rewired for the electronic age. Mr. Lantos is on the faculty of San Francisco State College; he conducts "Mirror on U.S." over NBC's San Francisco affiliate, and gives college courses over Station KQED in that city. **Richard Rose,** who covers educational television for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, gives a regional report on ETV's impact in his city.

BRITAIN's decision to cut back its military expenditures by shifting to nuclear striking power is a fateful one not only for Britain but for all of Britain's allies. In the final analysis that decision was reached, according to **Alastair Buchan,** our regular British Correspondent, in the disciplined, incisive mind of one man—Defence Minister Duncan Sandys. Even those who question Mr. Sandys's wisdom cannot doubt his lonely courage.

It is now seven months since Poland's "October Revolution." **Leslie B. Bain,** lecturer and free-lance writer, who covered the Hungarian uprising for us ("How We Failed in Hungary" *The Reporter,* January 24), reports from Warsaw that an appearance of precarious stability has been achieved, but that Gomulka still seems to be having trouble restraining some of the forces he himself set loose. Since the abortive uprising against King Hussein in Jordan, the stability that has been achieved there seems even more precarious. **Ray Alan,** our regular Middle Eastern Correspondent, describes the perilous complex of political pressures that are still seething in that crucial region.

"No one in any business favors monopoly," an airline official told Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner,** "until he's got one." After a period of rather flamboyant competition in the postwar period, the twelve major airlines seem to have the sky pretty much to themselves again.

MORE AND MORE it appears that a minister of the Gospel ought to take a few courses in school administration, business, architecture, and—above all—fund raising. **Otto Friedrich's** short story in this issue gives a sympathetic description of a day in the life of one man of God who wishes he could find time to write his sermon. Mr. Friedrich published *The Poor in Spirit* in 1952 and has now completed a second novel. His short story "Freedom of the Press" appeared in *The Reporter* of August 9, 1956. **Roger Maren** is a young musicologist living in Princeton. We may not know much about the manly art, but we have always admired Sugar Ray Robinson's skill and style. Not long ago we asked **Josh Greenfeld** to write something about Mr. Robinson. It was to be, we thought, a tribute to a departed glory. Mr. Greenfeld, wiser than the betting fraternity, declined to write his piece until after Robinson's return match with Gene Fullmer. **Sidney Alexander's** new historical novel will be published by Random House this year. **Ralph Russell** is an editor and free-lance writer. **Sander Vanocur** is on the staff of the New York *Times*.

Our cover is by **Robert Bruce.**

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VOLUME 16, NO. 11 **MAY 30, 1957**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

Education by TV

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CORRESPONDENCE

POLICY AND MORALISM

To the Editor: In the manuscript of my article "Foreign Policy and Presidential Moralism," published in *The Reporter* in its issue of May 2, 1957, I quoted President Eisenhower as saying of the Middle East that "the United States has no ambitions or desires in this region," and added, "I fear we must disagree. We have many." As published, the quotation read "the United States has no selfish ambitions or desires in this region," thus changing the quotation and the meaning of my comment. The text I used was the official one released by the White House and published in the *State Department Bulletin* of March 11, 1957, Vol. XXXVI, No. 924, p. 387.

DEAN ACHESON
Washington, D. C.

[*Our sincere apologies to Mr. Acheson. It is clear that in making what seemed to be a simple correction in a quotation we inadvertently affected the meaning of Mr. Acheson's comment. Although the text given out by the White House of the President's speech "as actually delivered" does not include the word "selfish," it does appear in both the unofficial transcription made by the New York* Times *and in a recording which we had replayed at one of the radio networks. In any event, we certainly should not have made any change in Mr. Acheson's article without first consulting him.*—The Editors.]

To the Editor: Dean Acheson's article points up again the fallacy of naïve moralism in the realm of social and political judgments. Policy cannot be determined or decisions made in the false hope that *absolute* moral values can be actualized in any immediate future. The President's hazy moralism is both superficial religiously and politically unrealistic. It obscures rather than clarifies the complexity of political problems and fails to give guidance in the decisions involving relative good and relative evil which are always with us.

I would disagree with Mr. Acheson at one point, however. Government might be as fitting a place for the glorification of God as any other place in life, but our leaders do honor neither to God nor country by confusing ultimate moral demands with what can be actualized in concrete human situations. The prophets of Israel were sometimes statesmen as well but their political judgments were more astute.

DAVID C. PIERCE
Webb Horton Memorial
Presbyterian Church
Middletown, New York

To the Editor: After reading Mr. Acheson's article, I feel that all further copies I shall receive during the next two years may be considered a bonus, since this one alone is worth the three-year subscription. That your fellow countrymen chose to retain the services of Secretary Dulles in preference to the lucid and penetrating mind that is so apparent in this article is not a tribute to their own wisdom.

W. A. SLOAN
Vancouver, B.C.

RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT

To the Editor: I salute the May 16 *Reporter's* significant contribution to public debate on the world-wide danger of the nuclear arms race. This crucial issue demands the fullest public understanding and discussion.

I have proposed a halt to the test-explosions of large nuclear weapons because the survival of mankind may well depend upon it, because it would increase our national security, and because it would strengthen our position in the cold war. The Administration seems to be coming around slowly to this view. The great moral influence of Pope Pius, the eloquent plea of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, and the warnings of our scientists are beginning to affect our official policies. And when distinguished scientists differ on the present and future dangers of continued explosions, surely the path of wisdom is to assume that the pessimistic scientific views are sound—for an optimistic miscalculation in this ghastly area is irrevocable.

We are fast approaching a showdown in the battle of world public opinion. We will not win this battle unless we take the moral leadership toward controlling the thermonuclear menace.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON
Chicago

To the Editor: I have read your editorial "There Must Be an End to It" and Paul Jacobs' article on radiation with great interest and must say that I am impressed with the amount of research which has been done and which is so much in evidence throughout the article. A great many challenging statements are contained in this article. I have asked my Subcommittee on Radiation to study it carefully.

I plan to start hearings on the subject of radiation on May 27 and hope to receive testimony on all scientific phases pertaining to this subject. We hope to compile basic information for the benefit of Congress, the press, and the public which will be useful in forming policy.

I share with you and your writers a great concern about the moral and political issues which are involved and hope that my hearings will bring together in one document the most comprehensive scientific testimony available on the subject.

CHET HOLIFIELD
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: I don't write fan letters to magazines but the Jacobs piece demands all sorts of praise, and I want to add my grain to the tonnage. It is done just the way the job ought to be done. should win every prize in the book and bring great credit to everybody involved.

MARTIN MAYER
New York

To the Editor: Your editorial, "There Must Be an End to It," and Paul Jacobs's constructively conceived and carefully documented account of events in Nevada do, in combination, perform a splendid service for your public. There are at their best in your May 16 issue both the exhortative and the factual modes of expression on a fundamental human problem.

The radiation versus internal security issue, being no simple one, needs nevertheless to be placed before the peoples of the world. Bringing more people to a clearer understanding of the pros and cons as you have done is surely a step in the right direction, for it brings still closer the time when decisions on crucial matters such as this may be made on the broadest possible and most enlightened basis.

DAVID LAWSON
Brooklyn Society for
Ethical Culture
Brooklyn, New York

VIVA *VIVA*

To the Editor: John Kenneth Galbraith, in calling my book, *Viva Madison Avenue!*, "repulsive . . . silly" (*The Reporter*, May 2), put himself in a class with Dorothy Kilgallen, who said much the same thing.

But Max Shulman said of *Viva* "the funniest, warmest, most joyous book of the year . . ."

And Robert Whitehead said: "George Panetta writes with such ease, warmth, and compassion that his people become irresistibly delightful, humorous, and strangely touching."

Someone is apparently wrong; and if it happens to be Galbraith, readers of *The Reporter* are getting such half-baked, cockeyed reports on books that they might just as well start reading Kilgallen in the New York *Journal-American*.

GEORGE PANETTA
New York City

To the Editor: The little novel *Viva Madison Avenue!* by George Panetta seemed to repulse John Kenneth Galbraith in his review of advertising fiction. This book about a few off-beat underdogs with padded suits working in an advertising agency filled with unspotted natural shoulder lines held a lot of charm for this reader. Having been for many years a noncomformist ad-agency employee who did not go to the "right" schools, I regret that a reviewer with more common humility had not done an analysis of this fresh voice in the so-serious selling profession.

CAROL FLAM
Brooklyn

POET LAUREATE

To the Editor: The ability to laugh at oneself is a saving grace of the civilized mind. As the twentieth century's best exponent of the above I would nominate **"Sec,"** *The Reporter's* poet laureate. Let us preserve his priceless humor in a suitable leather cover with the title *Sic Simper*. I would consider it an honor to buy the first two volumes off the press, one to be buried in a time capsule for future generations to ponder and one for my own library.

MRS. LEO TURTLEDOVE
Glendale, California

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PHILIP HORTON

Good Teaching Comes First

FEW AMERICANS today would deny that mass education is an irreversible commitment of our way of life. There is no mention of public education in the Constitution, yet we are stuck with it, and just as happily so as we are with the Bill of Rights. By the same token, we are also stuck with the problems it engenders and with the responsibility of solving them as best we can.

The appalling shortages of teachers, of classrooms, and of funds are only too well known. For such massive problems it was only natural to look to television, as the foremost device of mass communication, for substantial help. Judging from the reports presented in this issue, the help is now forthcoming. Educational television—or ETV—has emerged from the carpeted conference room and the laboratory into the classroom. It has, according to its enthusiasts, come into its own.

Just what should constitute "its own," as distinguished from traditional schooling, is becoming a matter of mounting controversy. Too much of this debate has been carried on in abstract terms; it can be settled far better by immediate trial and error. Certainly the American educational system is no stranger to experimentation. Given its vast decentralization and variety, only an inexhaustible will to experiment and improvise has allowed it to survive at all in its present form.

Every good teacher is an experimenter by nature. He experiments constantly with and on himself, his students, and his subject in order to test and enlarge the capacities of each and to enrich the interplay between them. Certainly no substitute will ever be found for this precious interchange. But the critics of ETV who would resist any device that interferes with it forget the more familiar barriers: the big lecture hall (now bigger than ever) and the fixed classroom routines—those teleprompters of traditional teaching. They forget too that another mechanical device, the printed book, was also a barrier interposed between teachers and students and yet became the greatest of all teaching aids. Why shouldn't an imaginative kinescope or live TV program serve a similar purpose? Perhaps there are no really insuperable barriers to good teaching except the closed mind and the flaccid spirit.

THE OPPOSITION—and for that matter the public in general—can at least find reassurance that the shortcomings of ETV, unlike those which occur in the traditional privacy of the classroom, will be fully exposed to view. What with telecourses being pumped both in and out of the classroom, and with the televising of entire class discussions and seminars, the classroom is rapidly losing its walls. This is hardly an unmixed blessing, for there are moments and areas of learning where privacy is the essential condition, and these must be preserved inviolate whatever the cost. Here, as in all the citadels of education, the teacher himself must be the principal defender. When it comes to ETV his best defense will be to attack, and his attack should be toward mastery of the medium. For without mastery there is no effective control. And one thing is certain: Individually or collectively, with or without the support of public opinion, the teacher must have control of the uses of ETV in our schools and colleges. Otherwise he will risk becoming himself simply another prop in the hands of the TV magicians, and our children would soon be getting a kind of popularized education, that creamy blend of the good, bad, and indifferent—but above all the easily digestible—which has been described as homogenized culture.

Outside the schoolroom, where it will be competing with the great networks, the future of ETV seems far less assured. The domain of American public education is almost infinitely expandable and is the traditional preserve of all media of communication without let or hindrance. In the electronic age the familiar boundaries and the fixed responsibilities of this vast preserve are rapidly dissolving. The classroom that has lost its walls is airborne and becomes the classroom of a community and then of many communities and can even, as has sometimes happened, turn up in homogenized form as a "show" on a commercial station.

The competition in this area is free and fierce and sometimes conspicuously unfair. Certainly the small nonprofit ETV stations cannot seriously hope to compete with the commercial networks and their great resources of money, talent, and equipment. But with sufficient ingenuity and vision—and with sufficient local financial support—they may well play the role of pace setter and critic. Yet even first-rate performance will not guarantee success.

The final decision on what the public gets in public education via TV lies somewhere between the public's taste and the public spirit of the men who control the networks. In such shows as "Camera Three" and "Omnibus" and in some of the "See It Now" programs from distant parts of the world, these men have demonstrated brilliantly the capacities of TV to inform and educate the public. If they can be goaded or persuaded to enlarge this part of their effort, they will themselves be building an increased public demand for knowledge. In the long run that demand will provide the best insurance for the survival of ETV. The responsibility is great, but no greater than the resources available.

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A Legacy from the Model T To the Age of ETV

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

For the past nine months the old county-seat town of Hagerstown, Maryland, which last impinged on history when the Battle of Antietam was fought nearby, has been the focal point of a new American upheaval—this time in education. While teachers all over the country have watched with fascination—and some of them with dismay—six thousand youngsters in all twelve grades of eight local schools have been subjected to a year's experiment in classroom instruction by closed-circuit television. Subjects ranging from first-grade "number experiences" to plane geometry, history, and music have been piped into their classrooms from a central teaching source by a coaxial-cable system that will soon feed six different courses simultaneously. In the coming academic year it is planned to extend the system to six thousand more pupils, and by the following year to cover all the schools in the county—forty-eight in all. No child is to get more than one of his courses each year by TV, so that there will still be plenty of old-style teaching at Hagerstown. Nevertheless, what has been launched there on this scale could lead to a greater revolution in public education than anything that has happened since Horace Mann.

Local tax funds and gifts of equipment from the electronics industry have gone into the experiment, but the prime mover has been the Ford Foundation, which made it all possible with a $100,000 grant from its Fund for the Advancement of Education. The Ford Foundation's interest in education by electronics ranges far beyond Hagerstown. This month the Fund for Advancement, viewing the Maryland and several related ventures as a success, has granted almost a million dollars to set up what it has christened a National Program in the Use of Television in the Public Schools. Eight large cities and two states have already put up funds on a matching basis and will begin TV teaching to large classes next fall. "With this," a Fund official told me, "we think classroom TV has come of age."

The Multiple Miss Jones

Because of this Ford money, in Atlanta, Cincinnati, or Wichita your boy may no longer get his social studies direct from Miss Jones in the classroom, but from Miss Jones televised to him from a studio where she can address several classrooms at once. The TV Miss Jones may even be a complete stranger to him, selected as the most effective and telegenic instructor in the entire local school system and speaking to the whole city's social-studies classes simultaneously. The Ford grants may bring a profound change in the lives of all classroom teachers, whose status, ability (or lack of it), and threatening shortage of numbers at a time of increasing demand lie at the heart of what America now knows as "the crisis in education." What's more, as educational television spreads it may lead to sweeping changes not only in how Americans learn but in what they learn.

Piped-in classroom teaching is only one aspect of the new age of ETV, although certainly its most phenomenal and controversial one. Beyond lies the area of open-channel educational broadcasting to communities at large, from preschool children to shut-ins and extension students and just about anybody else who may want to improve his mind. Here, too, Ford grants are ubiquitous. In fact, Ford participation in ETV as a whole is such that the whole movement sometimes looks as if it were largely a project of the Foundation. There are now twenty-four noncommercial ETV stations on the air from Boston to San Francisco, supported variously by universities, school systems, local business, and individual donors, and even, as in Alabama, by a special state commission; all but one were built and equipped in part with Ford aid. Three central organizations have been set up to advance and assist educational broadcasters; all three are subsidized by Ford.

The whole subject of educational television, which only seven years ago was hardly more than a gleam in the eyes of a few audiovisual enthusiasts, has by now grown into a nation-wide cause, complete with prophets, publicity men, attached psychologists, professional literature, and trade vernacular—plus an investment from all sources of more than $60 million, of which Ford donations amounting to some $23 million form the greatest single share.

The $23 million contributed over the past six years may seem a modest sum for an institution that in its last fiscal year alone gave away a grand total of $602 million. But it is enough to make Ford the chief and controlling stockholder in a new departure of incalculable consequences, uniquely committed to its growth and answerable for its results. Early in the century, the Carnegie Corporation took upon itself the cause of financing public libraries in this country and the British Empire—hardly a controversial venture since there were few holdouts

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against libraries. But while the admirers of ETV see in the new device a solution for our most pressing cultural ills, its enemies—in the classroom in particular—shudder at it as just another step toward total automation.

AT A NATIONAL conference of the Association for Higher Education in March, Professor Earl Kelley of Wayne University declared, "Television is a real and present menace to the freedom of the teacher and the learner." Speaking for the American Federation of Teachers, President Carl J. Megel has said, "We are unalterably opposed to mass education by television as a substitute for professional classroom techniques." Dr. William Carr, executive secretary of the highly influential National Educational Association, has avoided going on record on ETV but is understood to be opposed to it—and in fact won't even have a TV receiver in his own home. Many teachers who first acclaimed the Ford Foundation for recognizing the emergency in their short-handed profession now fear that Ford grants for classroom TV may in the end throw them out of their jobs. One irate instructor has summed it up this way: "Here's Dr. Alexander J. Stoddard, one of Ford's top advisers in the public-education field, writing in a Ford pamphlet that if we don't look out, we'll have a shortage of 250,000 teachers by 1965. And what's his solution? Build piped TV into every school! Import a mechanical scab!"

To have undertaken the leading sponsorship of ETV amid such blasts of controversy testifies either to the Ford people's courage or their infatuation, but in any case to their ardent response to what they see as urgent issues and their belief in a new idea. To back their ideas they have more cash and potential influence at their disposal than any other domestic nonprofit agency outside the government itself.

The Two Subfunds

It is typical of the Ford Foundation that its drives and convictions are multiple, often decentralized, and not always fully co-ordinated at the top, once again inviting comparison with the U.S. government. Until very recently, Ford sponsorship of ETV was not undertaken directly by the Foundation itself at all, but through two subfunds proceeding with different mandates and sometimes with contrary ideas—the Fund for the Advancement of Education and the Fund for Adult Education. Many have wondered just why the parent body, after declaring in its 1954 report that "The impending crisis in American education offers a large foundation its greatest current opportunity for service," should have farmed out the job of distributing money for this purpose that all came from Ford anyway. The practice dates back to the sudden showering of immense capital by the Ford family on their endowment in 1950 and to the desire of its then officers and trustees—Director Paul Hoffman in particular, supported by Associate

Director Robert M. Hutchins—to delegate some of the responsibilities and risks of spending enormous amounts at a rate that would meet the requirements of the tax laws. Despite the common word "education" in their titles, the two subfunds are wholly separate. But both are dedicated to the support of ETV, even though they approach it from opposite directions.

The Fund for Advancement, housed with a small staff in subdued offices on Madison Avenue ten blocks north of the spacious floors inhabited by its parent body, is dedicated to one object—raising the level of education. It looks on ETV as just one of many tools that may serve this end. The Fund is frankly a reforming group, with "the support of new and experimental programs" as its declared aim. Its chief is Dr. Clarence H. Faust, a trim, quiet-spoken former Evangelical minister who became a professor of English at the University of Chicago and then dean of the college under the régime of President Hutchins, whose intellectual imprint he bears.

The headquarters of the second subfund are out in suburban White Plains, New York, among executive offices of corporations that have become refugees from Manhattan. The mission of the Fund for Adult Education is as broad and diffuse as Dr. Faust's is pointed and precise. It embraces the over-all development of the citizen's participation in a free society, and aims at offsetting the limitations of mass magazines, commercial TV, movies, and other conventional mediums, by providing new means of mental enrichment to Americans everywhere. Here the emphasis lies on techniques—and no man is a more enthusiastic champion of new ones than the president of the Fund for Adult, C. Scott Fletcher, a vigorous and persuasive man who came into the Ford orbit with a background as general sales manager for the Studebaker Corporation and then head of Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., under the aegis of the University of Chicago.

THERE ARE obviously wide differences between Dr. Faust and his scholars, who see ETV only as one classroom teaching aid, and Mr. Fletcher and his fellow audiovisual enthusiasts, who tend to view it as an end in itself. ("We want to see

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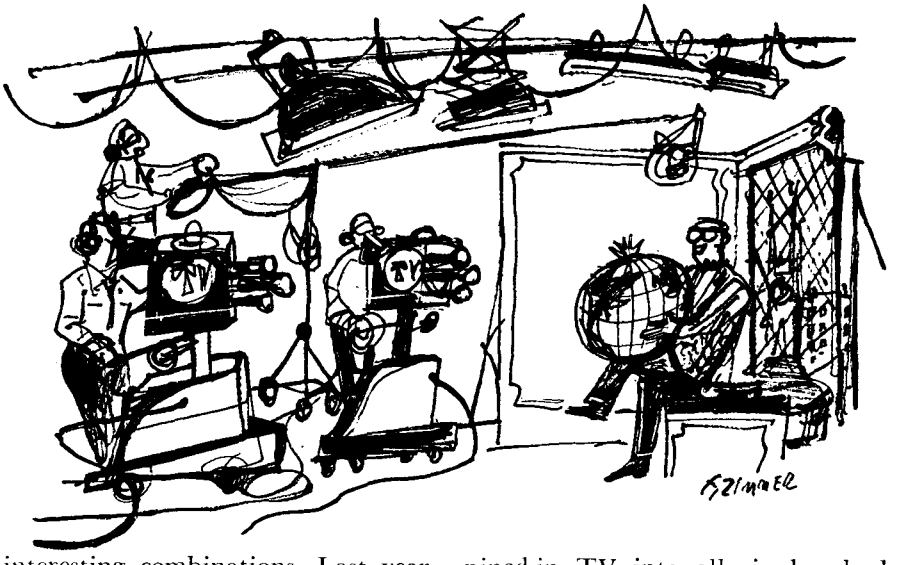
community stations built that will talk to people as people, not just as students," says Fletcher.) But both men are protégés of Hutchins, who was instrumental in setting up both funds in the first place, and both like to move far out on the frontier.

As against the $4 million or so Dr. Faust's organization has put into strictly pedagogic TV experiments, Mr. Fletcher's office has put $4.5 million into financing the building of open-channel community stations, many of which also carry formal teaching loads. The labor of getting these stations on the air has been followed by the problem of keeping them on, for all of them are fragile growths operating with staffs sometimes as small as half a dozen on annual budgets the greatest of which (roughly $300,000) is less than what was spent on mounting the one-night CBS Spectacular *Mayerling*. So another $11 million of Ford money has been allocated to the establishment and operation of an Educational Television and Radio Center at Ann Arbor, Michigan, which acts as a kind of network hub for the stations and supports them with production grants for programs to be broadcast over all of them.

Sometimes the gifts made from both ends of the Ford world make interesting combinations. Last year $165,000 from Dr. Faust's fund (matched by an equal amount voted by the Chicago Board of Education) made possible a complete junior-college credit course over that city's educational station, WTTW, which was founded originally with the help of money from Ford colleague Fletcher. Last year also, the public-school authorities of Pittsburgh let Dr. Faust's office know that they were in need of good physics instructors. The Fund for Advancement, already concerned over the shortage of proper scientific training in our high schools, promptly agreed to underwrite an experiment of bringing in the best physics instructor they could find and turning him loose before thirty-one local high schools over the local educational station, WQED—also established with the help of a grant from the Fletcher office. The instructor chosen, Dr. Harvey White of the University of California, made such an impact on the pupils with his brilliant studio-laboratory talks and demonstrations that filmed copies of his "programs" are now being offered commercially to school systems around the country. The entrepreneur, incidentally, is Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Mr. Fletcher's former company, operating with a guarantee against loss advanced by the office of Dr. Faust.

All this doesn't begin to exhaust the variety of Ford electronic undertakings. This year in New York City —one of the few major centers still without an ETV station—Dr. Faust's fund is putting $200,000 into the unique experiment of installing piped-in TV into all six hundred apartments of a new low-cost housing development in a heavily Puerto Rican district; the idea is to provide home education, civics programs, and language classes. The Ford Foundation's Radio and Television Workshop has just wound up five years of producing its own nation-wide network program, "Omnibus," whose aim of raising general TV taste has been at least quasi-educational. Meanwhile another $300,000 (this time through the Television Center at Ann Arbor) has gone into supporting the National Broadcasting Company's new departure of airing five weekly lecture programs over its own stations and passing them on to all ETV stations—the first breakthrough of higher education on the commercial networks.



The Rush for Channels

In order to evaluate what all this money and energy has produced, we must look first at the ideas that have motivated the effort from the start. The first idea, six years ago, derived from fear—fear that the new realm of television, with all its still unallotted channels, might fall entirely into commercial hands. When the prospect of ETV first dawned, it was promoted chiefly by a handful of veterans in educational radio—station and program managers attached to universities, where electronic learning had never been much more than a minor vocational adjunct. Still, their job was to broadcast education, and it wasn't really up to them to say what the content or purpose of education should be. These men were acutely aware that in 1952 the Federal Communications Commission was due to remove its "freeze" on releasing additional TV channels. If these were not all to fall into commercial hands, as the networks then said they should, the educational broadcasters had to put up a fight and show what they could do. Money had to be found for potential ETV stations and claims entered for noncommercial channels. The question of just what should be the content of those stations' broadcasts could be dealt with later.

At this point the needs of the professionals came in contact with Ford money—or rather with the driving energy of Scott Fletcher, then about to become a dispenser of Ford money. He caught the sense of urgency at once and devised a plan whereby his fund would give one dollar for every two put up by communities and institutions across the country that would jump into ETV quickly. Then he organized a national citizens' committee with co-

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chairmen adroitly chosen for a Republican year (Milton Eisenhower, then president of Penn State, and businessman Marion B. Folsom, now Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare) to beat the drums for ETV throughout the land.

It is generally the practice of great foundations to strengthen existing organizations and help them pursue their established causes. But men like Fletcher at Ford have created their own institutions. Universities and school boards did not come to the Fund for Adult asking for money for ETV stations. On the contrary, men from the Fund took to the road and tried to convert communities to the idea. "We scouted the country, judging where conditions for an ETV station as part of a national development would be most favorable, and we nominated the recipients," says the Fund's chief scout, G. H. Griffiths, who also once worked for Encyclopaedia Britannica Films.

Experiments in 'Productivity'

The enthusiasm spread and matching money for station after station was raised as the FCC reserved 242 of the nation's TV channels for noncommercial use—although most of them lay in the relatively inaccessible UHF band. Exuberant claims were made for what ETV might accomplish. "It may be that we are coming to grips with the richest opportunity in history," said Earl Warren, then governor of California. Television as applied to education was "the greatest development of the art of communication since the invention of printing," said Dean George D. Stoddard of New York University. Prophets appeared who announced variously that ETV could resolve the teacher shortage, teach hordes of new students (sometimes called "viewdents") who were not able to find a place in classrooms, overcome illiteracy, cut down juvenile delinquency, raise the adult cultural level generally, and create a new generation of science-minded youth to surpass Soviet technology and thereby beat down communism. A local Pittsburgh publicist, Dorothy Daniel, who was helping to get WQED on the air in that city, went so far as to declare, "It is God's station."

There now remained only the question of whether God's forces on television could teach effectively —as effectively, that is, as the old-fashioned Miss Jones or Professor Jones right in the classroom. Nothing on this score had so far been proven. This is where the Ford Foundation's other educational division came in. The Fund for Advancement, which had been watching the development from the sidelines, now began some experiments of its own.

Dr. Faust's group, seeking ways of helping overburdened teachers and thus making them more able to concentrate on their main task, had already been looking into the use of human and mechanical teachers' aids. Now came the idea of using intramural TV to enable teachers to speak to several classrooms at once and so gain time for better preparation.

Wouldn't this make teachers more effective? On the other hand, was there a danger in separating teachers from their students by an electronic screen? Taking two classes in the same subject given simultaneously by the same teacher—in one case directly and in the other by television —which one would actually learn more? And how would the learners feel about it, as well as the teachers who had been lifted out of their usual place and put down before floodlights and a camera?

The results of several tests, of which the most extensive was undertaken at Penn State, was that there was not much difference in actual teaching results.

According to the Penn State report, students found their first TV instruction "acceptable" and were "mainly neutral" in any comparison of its virtues as against those of direct teaching. On the other hand, "experienced teachers generally do not prefer instructional television," although they were willing to continue to experiment with it.

As the experiments continued, efforts were made to pick out the most adaptable and imaginative teachers and encourage them to rise to the challenge of greater "productivity." Today Dr. Alvin C. Eurich, vice-president of the Fund for Advancement, says the tests show "that a topnotch teacher can extend his services through the use of television, that pupils learn at least as much in television classes as with conventional instruction, that television saves a great deal of time and thus permits teachers to give pupils more individual attention." In sum, "television makes possible a far richer educational experience for each child."

At Hagerstown recently, a high Army officer who came to look in on the TV experiment there—as more than a thousand other visitors have done this year—declared himself thrilled by the local English teacher's televised discussion of the Battle of Hastings. The teacher had used maps, models, and artifacts to dramatize the battle for all his pupils throughout the district. "It's as good as anything I've seen done at the War College," the general remarked. At the Fund for Advancement, patron of the Hagerstown experiment, the explanation is simple: "What made this possible was just that this teacher now had a full day to prepare his talk—instead of being rushed from crowded class to class—and facilities he had never dreamed of before."

The Hagerstown school authorities are now revising curricula as well as pay scales in the light of recent successes. At Penn State, TV teaching has led to an annual saving estimated at $100,000 a year or more, and is leading to similar re-examinations. Perhaps the outstanding exhibitor of the new method is California's Professor Harvey White, whose recent Pittsburgh physics course may soon be seen in schools all across the country. "If this goes on," one teacher complained, "maybe a day will come when just two

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hundred or so favorite professors do all the teaching in America." To this one Ford man's response is: "If it came to that and they are the best —why not? But we don't think it will ever come to that. We think plenty of Harvey Whites will emerge. And remember, there are several thousand schools in America that today don't have any physics instruction at all."

A Day at Ann Arbor

Not long ago I took a trip out to the Television Center at Ann Arbor to check at first hand what had been told me of the menace of across-the-land standardization through ETV. Not only was Ford money inflicting electronic education on us, I had been warned; the Center itself, set up to serve a whole array of ETV stations, was using Ford money to standardize them. I half expected to find a moated audiovisual colossus at Ann Arbor. Instead, the Center turned out to be a small organization of a handful of program advisers, most of them young and borrowed from university staffs, quartered in an unpretentious building on the outskirts of town. Through its exchange system, the Center provides seven hours of weekly programming to all the ETV stations on its circuit—less than a quarter of what they need. But almost all of this material is produced originally at the local stations themselves, and a sampling of a typical week's fare struck me not by its uniformity but by its wide variety.

For the week of April 28, all the ETV stations were furnished with the latest installment of the Wisconsin State Radio Council series for preschool children called "Friendly Giant," in which an amiable Gulliver tells wondrous tales about fairies and puppets against a dollhouse background. The purpose of this series is "to give the small folks an alternative to the gunplay that commercial networks call children's entertainment, and get them off quietly to sleep." Then came the latest installment of "The Latin Americas," a historical series produced at the University of St. Louis. There was "Geography of Conflict," a series produced at the University of Michigan on the background of current collisions along the Iron Curtain. Then a popular course on "The Arts Around Us," given by a professor at Hofstra College. "Prospect of Literature" was one of a series of dialogues created by Professor Albert D. van Nostrand of Brown, using recordings. I watched "The Great Ideas, III," part of a lecture series by another Hutchins protégé, Mortimer Adler. Then there was "The United Nations Review," a fifteen-minute roundup produced each week by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation from its U.N. studios. And so on, through NBC's

series on mathematics and government to the popular Dr. Frank Baxter of the University of Southern California lecturing on Shakespeare.

All this only begins the far-ranging ETV catalogue. I was shown on kinescope a demonstration of musical rhythm for young people, a legal discussion of traffic-accident cases for law students, Nobel Prize winner Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg graphically retracing the discovery of transuranium elements, and the Irish writer Frank O'Connor discussing the art of the short story in a rich brogue. Not all the programs were as engaging as O'Connor's, and I still don't understand transuranium elements, but the personalities were as varied as their approaches, and I came away feeling that I had had a singularly instructive day. As a father living in an area without ETV, I caught myself wishing my children could have spent as rewarding a day.

The charge has been made, of course, that ETV teaching is a one-way affair and that it gives no chance for what progressive educationists call "the response of the whole child" and what professional communicators call "feedback." But it could be answered that in progressive education we have had a surfeit of "feedback" from pupil to teacher and could stand a little more feeding. It could also be argued that the "student-oriented" method of the modernists, with their call for "life adjustment" and grouping, is actually a teacher-oriented system in that the teacher considers himself the chairman of the group, and the subject of instruction less important than that everyone simply gather around. Grouping has a way of exalting form over substance, and leaving the form increasingly empty. It is not an old-line academician but an audiovisual spokesman, Harry J. Skornia of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, who sums up this side of the case when he says: "I feel we've come to overemphasize 'adjustment' at the expense of discipline, scientific inquiry, hard thinking and hard working in our schools today. One reason is the absence of adequately trained teachers by 'discipline' standards of old. Television can supply more of these by multiplying those good teachers we have and thus make 'hard learning' exciting."

As a matter of fact, how many students in their crowded mass lecture rooms today actually do have the chance to talk back to their instructor and engage him in discourse? The Mark Hopkins theory of ideal education—a teacher at one end of a log and his student at the other—has yet to be improved on, but the simple truth is that there just aren't enough logs and teachers (good ones, that is) to go around.

What Follows Ford?

It seems clear that up to a point we must resort to a substitute, even while recognizing that it is only a substitute. It may well help raise the level of teaching in the mass lecture room, yet lower it in the advanced seminar if its all-out enthusiasts insist on applying it there. The electronics fans at Penn State do not help matters when they declare that TV teaching may provide liberation

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from "the ubiquitous textbook," "straight lecturing," and "verbalism." To present the ideas of Plato or Christ, for example, would still seem to call for a certain amount of verbalism and maybe even a text—certainly not just a lot of audio-visual gadgets. Nor does N.Y.U.'s Dean Stoddard raise the sights of education very much when he remarks, speaking of a reluctance of many teachers to put on television shows, that "a good teacher *is* a television show." On the other hand, here is Professor Huston Smith of Washington University reporting that his series of lectures on "The Religions of Man" over St. Louis's Ford-backed KETC reached an audience of more than a hundred thousand people—"approximately ten times the number of students I could otherwise have expected to teach during a fifty-year career."

WE FACE a condition, not a theory. The issue is not whether we shall have ETV, but who will support it and how relevant and sensitive to educational purposes it will be.

Here again, Ford stands at the center of the picture. Having gotten so deeply into building ETV, the Foundation realizes that at some point it has to get out. It has no desire to act as a perennial sustainer of causes that cannot take root on their own. Yet ETV by its very nature can never be self-sustaining.

The Fletcher philosophy envisages a wide net of ETV stations across the land, functioning independently as informal institutions of education and "enrichment," drawing on local communities for support. Dr. Faust's Fund for Advancement philosophy, on the other hand, envisages ETV as an adjunct to formal education, built directly into the curriculum and supported by school systems and colleges. The two philosophies are diametrically opposed, to the point where Fletcher's followers fear that Faust's may crowd out the broader concept if they take over and make ETV simply "a pipeline into the classroom."

Two years ago, after a palace revolution had unseated Director Paul Hoffman, the Ford Foundation began reversing Hoffman's practice of delegating authority and took Fletcher's ETV-station activities back under its direct control. Last winter, after a second upheaval that unseated Mr. Hoffman's successor, the Foundation also began taking back to its own bosom Dr. Faust's educational office—and Dr. Faust with it as the man in charge of all educational activities. The Faust philosophy, therefore, now seems to be the dominant one. The Ann Arbor Center has Ford money to carry it until the end of 1959, after which it must try to sustain itself in large part with money raised from businesses and other institutions. Whether it can do this without becoming the servant of either still remains to be seen. Some critics say that its weakness lies in "trying to be all things to all men—and children."

MEANWHILE Dr. Faust's program of using TV as an aid to classroom teaching seems now to be winning a solid footing—as is exemplified by the willingness expressed this month by eight cities and two states to put up matching money to support it. While communities may hesitate to support "enrichment" programs for the general public, legislators and school boards are apt to vote money for anything that provides more hard education per dollar spent. It is here that ETV must prove its worth—and where it may find its surest future as a practical aid to a democracy under pressure.

A Professor Converts To the Electronic Age

THOMAS P. LANTOS

SAN FRANCISCO

THERE is a group of human guinea pigs for whom educational TV has become a daily activity—the professors who are actually teaching by this means. I am one of them.

With a Ford Foundation grant of more than $330,000, San Francisco State College has been conducting the first scientific series of experiments in the teaching of college courses over both closed- and open-circuit television, with the purpose of finding out how well students can learn by TV and what happens to them—and to their professors—in the process. In this unprecedented enterprise, I have been giving the general course in "The American Economy."

The basic idea of the plan was simple. Originally we took three groups of carefully matched college sophomores. One group was taught the course by "conventional" methods. The second listened to semi-weekly lectures via television, also in a campus classroom. This group was the closed-circuit or "no exit" group, theoretically having no control over escaping the lectures except by retirement within themselves. The third, or open-circuit, group stayed at home, viewing the lectures on their own TV sets, free to leave or turn the dial if they chose. The second and third groups participated in on-campus discussions to supplement the lectures. All groups had the same texts, took the same examinations, and had to put up with the same instructor: your correspondent. Preliminary evaluation of these tests and examinations shows no significant difference among the groups. If anything, the TV group watching at home seems to have done slightly better than the others.

IN ITS UNFOLDING, the embryo design mushroomed to the proportions of a Cecil B. De Mille epic. No sooner was the project announced than we were flooded with requests to expand the framework. Patients in hospitals, housewives by the hundreds, residents of old people's institutions all wanted to ride on the winged horse. A great many of them actually did.

In addition, the ranks were swelled by groups of specially selected high-

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school students and one truly captive audience, a group of convicts at San Quentin, some of them in for life. I was much impressed by the level of the convicts' work. Some of the best examination and term papers were written by them. It would not be too much to say that they did a superb job. I could not help being struck and somewhat moved by the fact that though these men have access to instruction inside the prison, the feeling that during the TV instruction time they were part of a larger audience "outside the walls" seemed to give them an added zest, a greater satisfaction, in the learning process.

As the enlistments mounted, I came not to know personally an ever greater part of my audience. And of course I could not help missing what in the vernacular is called the feedback, the reaction of a live audience that so invaluably sharpens all our reflexes. It was also strange to think that if an excuse for an absence were necessary, one would receive a note not from the doctor but from the TV repairman certifying that the picture tube was out of order.

Events occur, however, that make even the unknown audience more immediate. After one telecast in which it was obvious that I had a cold, I found myself inundated by a sea of suggested cold remedies. This was amusing, and as friendly as an old-fashioned barn raising. On another telecast I jocularly announced that I would mail a reading list for the course to any not-enrolled member of the audience who would send in a box top. I received a veritable mountain of assorted box tops! This response brought home to me with renewed force the large anonymous audience. Who, I asked, *is* this audience? I also wondered how many of them took the request seriously. Then, though my task is to gear the course for the regularly enrolled students, I could not help asking myself anxiously, Did those who took the box-top request seriously "get" the lecture, enjoy it, profit from it?

Synchronizing the Film Clip

The little red schoolhouse was never like this. Three times a week I drive to the college to teach. Twice a

week I drive away from it, to San Francisco's educational TV station KQED, with the same object—but to an environment and to procedures intensely new.

The organization of subject matter which I term a "lecture" is called a "show" by my producer; in the interests of our differently oriented sensibilities we have compromised on the amorphous word "session." Producer? Not so long ago I had no producer, director, or announcer; no floor manager, mikeman, or engineer; no audiovisual director, cable puller, or propman; no idiot-board holder (the delightfully absurd term for the man who flashes a board to remind one not to forget to conduct himself as if he were speaking personally to an audience of one). My words had not been uttered to the accompaniment of music, artwork, three-dimensional visuals, and film clips. Split-second timing had not been one of my major interests. Now I find myself in a world as taut and intricate as the surgical room, and also as starkly precise. I used to see the faces of my students with all their multifarious expressions; now all I see are the noncommital signals of the floor manager and the lens of the cameras.

I used to wander freely around the classroom. I could pause to look at notes. I might ad-lib on occasion and feel an invigorating added alertness, I could take a worthwhile side path for a few minutes, or, in an outcropping of spontaneous ideas, even be carried away by them. Now, at "production conferences," my movements are planned chronologically and spatially to achieve an even and unbroken continuum. In the first place, even a five-second pause is disturbing to an audience habituated to a screen where something is always happening with metronomic regularity. Secondly, as in any team production, I and others must abide by a full set of prearranged sequences and cues. At the exact moment when I say a given word, a film clip must begin to roll; and in turn, my commentary and the film clip must end simultaneously. My mind must run constantly on three parallel tracks: the subject matter proper, the order in which the material is presented, and the synchronization of the spoken and visual parts.

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The effective practice of this unification and division, at one and the same time, of the faculties of the mind entails many more hours of preparation than would be required for the classroom. This type of mental discipline is, however, not the one which most invites concern from colleagues and those interested in freedom, academic and otherwise. Frequently I am asked whether one can be as free on open-circuit TV as in the privacy of the classroom. My answer is that in major and basic ways, in the selection, focus, and emphasis of content, I for one do not feel hampered.

It's How Men Use It

As always in controversial issues, it is the extremists, the intense and articulate minority, who create the tempest in the TV pot. On the one hand are the enthusiasts who think of TV as the greatest boon to culture since the printing press—the answer to critical shortages of facilities and teachers in American schools, the open-sesame to the republic of cultivated minds necessary for the survival of democracy. They bask in words of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen: "Television is a blessing. Spiritually, radio and television are beautiful examples of the inspired wisdom of the ages. Radio is like the Old Testament . . . hearing of wisdom without seeing; television is like the New Testament because in it the wisdom becomes flesh and dwells among us . . . . we are thankful to radio and television for being the most spiritual symbols of the truth by which we are saved."

Even more positive are the opinions of the bitter opponents. A few object on the understandable but pitiable basis of fear for their jobs; less openly, from fear of novelty in general and new demands upon them in particular. A second class of objectors blame TV for poor posture, eyesight, and eating habits, low grades, and the breakdown of social and family life. These objections, while admittedly serious, cannot be primarily ascribed to TV, educational or otherwise, since they are at bottom traceable to relationships and habits in the home and community. The primary, relevant, and significant objections come from those who rightly fear the automatic and conformist mind, the monstrous mentality of which we have been so vividly warned by writers like Huxley, Orwell, and Kafka.

These objecting colleagues point out that facts can be used to clutter the mind with irrelevancies and worse, to create distorted impressions and dangerous half-truths. They stress the Latin root of the word "educate"—to draw out—and the threat to critical thinking in merely filling the mind like a candy machine. They insist that independent thinking can only be furthered by the classroom situation, where doubt may be voiced and where students and teacher, under the need to defend their points of view, must sift, test, and judge evidence, and both orally and in writing make them articulate.

The objections to stereotyped and herd thinking are supremely important ones, even crucial. I see, however, little to justify extravagant hopelessness and defeatism. While I cannot hoist myself up to Bishop Sheen's rhetorical heaven and bear witness that the union of TV and the professor is or will prove a marriage made under the divine aegis, neither do I believe that TV is so intrinsically a thought barrier that men of wisdom and imagination will not be able to devise ways of making facts meaningful in that medium rather than pernicious.

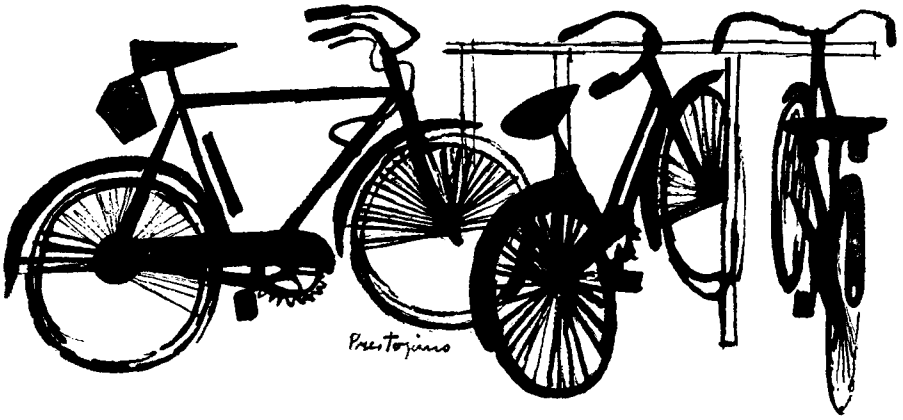
The 21-Inch Classroom

RICHARD ROSE

St. Louis

EVERY WEEK 135,000 St. Louis children watch television as a part of their school day. To them, educational television is a break in the day and a chance to learn something new from the familiar big-eyed box. To the teachers, principals, parents, and foundation experts, educational television is many more things, some of them mutually exclusive. Parents trying to break the hold of that fascinating set in the living room view with resentment the intrusion of TV into the hitherto safe schoolroom. Many teachers fear the prospect of mechanized instruction painted by the more visionary spokesmen of the Fund for the Advancement of Education. School superintendents are wondering whether educational television is really a panacea—or only a cousin of educational films, educational radio, and portable exhibits of stuffed owls and anthills.

Neither all the hopes nor all the fears have been realized in St. Louis, although objective tests show that television students do as well as their classroom counterparts. Children are getting television in small doses, fifteen or twenty minutes a week. The medium is not threaten-



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ing to replace the classroom teacher. Educators are realizing that televised instruction is generally soundest when it supplements, rather than supplants, classroom teaching.

Television classes in St. Louis originate from the low U-shaped headquarters of KETC, a nonprofit corporation tucked into a corner of

the Washington University campus. One of the pioneers in the field of educational television, KETC, founded in 1954, presents everything from second-grade spelling through college calculus, as well as a wide range of public-service programs. Television is used to breach the barriers of time, space, and resources, taking children to a farm, to the weather bureau, and into the city's colorful past. Since the six hours of weekly programming are often repeated for the convenience of the area's forty-odd school districts, the station is pumping programs into the schools 27½ hours a week. Public, private, and parochial schools subscribe $145,000 annually for KETC services. This represents considerably less than the cost of one network Spectacular, but it forms a most important three-fifths of the station's annual budget of about $250,000 a year.

The Firehouse and the Airport

Good examples of the supplementary use of television are "Here and There" and "Room Nine." Since children learn to read by reading about places—the firehouse, the railroad station, and the airport—these shows give children an idea of what the places are really like. Then, when they meet them in their readers, they are familiar with what the strange words represent. The best tribute to the series is the comment of one teacher: "My children are so interested in the program that if they are absent from school they always tune in at home."

The success of Bill Martin, Jr., a professional storyteller, indicates that television can win youngsters to books as well as steal them away from them. Each week Martin narrates a chapter from a book. At the end of the show he invites the children to read the rest of the book. At first he suggested only one book a program. Libraries reported many disappointed young patrons because of heavy demand. Now Martin recommends several titles at a time and they are kept in constant circulation.

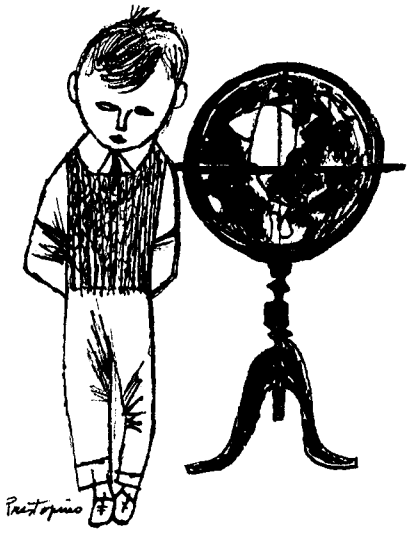
Textbooks, like network television outlets, are primarily national in approach. In schools here youngsters may learn as much about Seattle as St. Louis because that's the way their books are written. As a local agency, KETC helps introduce the community to its youngest members. "A Look at St. Louis" is a televised history of the city. Teachers requested KETC to do a series on the Missouri constitution because it was difficult to find material about it—and to remember it. Several have indicated they learned as much as their pupils by watching teacher-cartoonist Paul Anderek sketch the highways and byways of state government.

The schools' biggest test of television was concluded recently under a $95,000 grant from the Fund for the Advancement of Education, an offshoot of the Ford Foundation. The experiment was to determine if daily television lessons could replace classroom instruction completely. Some 535 students watched ninth-grade English and general science lessons for a semester and 257 students watched second-grade spelling lessons for two semesters. Their grades were matched individually with those of pupils of equal ability studying these subjects in the traditional way.

Objective tests indicated that television students learned as much as or slightly more than pupils taught in the traditional blackboard fashion. Dozens of experiments elsewhere agree with this finding. Earl R. Herminghaus, who conducted the testing, was careful to note, "Effective teaching involves intangibles that are not capable of being measured by objective tests." Significantly, forty-four per cent of the TV science students and sixty-eight per cent in English thought their televised courses less interesting than a classroom equivalent, in spite of the special effort put into the TV productions. Two-thirds of the science students and four-fifths of those in English reported missing personal contact with teachers. The courses are not being repeated.

Man-Hours for a Production

A major handicap in television to date is the barrier a twenty-one-inch screen erects between pupil and teacher, abolishing all chance of learning by the conversational exchange of ideas. The dialogue has been a popular teaching device ever since Socrates collected a following in the streets of Athens. No "intimacy" achieved by mechanical means can exactly imitate its qualities. In addition, teachers have found they must aim at a standardized pupil on television. They cannot shoot questions



to stimulate bright students or go back over material when they see incomprehension begin to spread over the faces of slow learners. Interestingly, the researchers found that TV students in spelling did not do as well as conventionally taught

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students when given difficult words not in their lessons.

Undoubtedly television teaching has helped to conserve teacher energy by letting tired teachers get off

their feet and rest vocal cords, although there are no surveys on this important point. It takes much more work, however, for a teacher to prepare a televised lecture than a classroom lecture. A teacher doing a twenty-minute television lesson, virtually a duplicate of a classroom lecture, must be backed up five days a week by a production team working twenty hours before each telecast. For a weekly fifteen-minute program more akin to "Omnibus" than to a lecture, about sixty-five man-hours are involved. When filming on location is added, the number of man-hours rises above 150 for a single show.

In view of their experience so far, school administrators here are asking KETC to supply them with programs that supplement classroom teaching, not programs that replace it. New schools are not being built according to the Fund's recommendations, with coaxial cables and antenna lines, special television studios, and built-in TV sets in every room. Television, like other audiovisual teaching aids, is currently providing the hors d'oeuvres, not the meat and potatoes, of education.

The buoyant chiefs of KETC are not discouraged by this limited use of television in elementary and secondary schools. They are boasting of the success of a televised freshman mathematics course of Washington University. They feel the method used—the careful co-ordination of lectures with classroom questioning of teachers—can be equally successful in teaching other subjects at other levels. The Washington University mathematics department has been well satisfied with its television course, introduced last fall when the department found itself overloaded with students and understaffed with teachers. Lectures are televised three times a day. In addition, the department maintains a study room seven hours a day where instructors answer questions for pupils needing help.

Settling Down

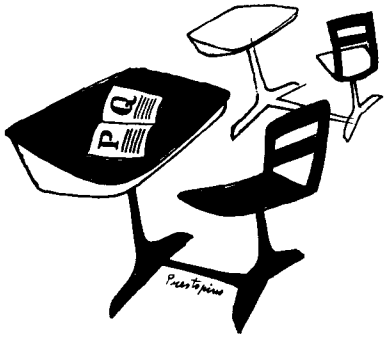
Of the 475 students taking the course, twenty per cent earned "A" and twenty-six per cent "B" in the January examination. Last year students took the same course by attending daily lectures in small groups, and only twelve per cent received "A" and eighteen per cent "B." Professor Ross R. Middlemiss reports a dropout rate of only two per cent from the TV course, indicating that slower students as well as brighter ones are benefiting from it. Scattered groups of high-school pupils are watching the course also. In one outlying secondary school seven seniors went on to take the final exams and did as well as college freshmen.

Although Professor Middlemiss is appreciative of KETC's aid in solving a tough problem of supply and demand, he doesn't believe TV is primarily responsible for higher grades. Instead, he credits improved course organization. For the first time homework assignments must be handed in daily, thus ensuring that students apply themselves regularly. He finds that some of his best students rarely view the course. Because lectures are televised, many pupils are learning to get information from textbooks instead of depending on instructors. Slower students often watch the lectures more than once and are often seen at the daily help sessions. The importance of mathematics to career-conscious engineering and premedical students is, of course, an added incentive not to switch the dial from Professor Middlemiss to "I Love Lucy" or to put down a textbook and pick up a beer.

Both Washington and St. Louis Universities have offered one-credit evening courses to adult listeners. The reaction to the first course two years ago surprised everyone greatly. About thirteen hundred students registered for Professor Huston Smith's "The Religious Man," though enrollment for later courses has declined—a normal leveling off of interest after the effect of novelty had passed. And, of course, there are many who listen and do not register. St. Louis University discontinued credit courses after giving an American history series for only forty-nine students last spring. Washington University has also dropped one-credit courses.

The courses were dropped because they were too formal to secure wide listenership and not intensive enough to substitute for three- and five-credit university offerings. "What can you do with one credit?" asked one producer. The answer, "Not much," was clearly a judgment. Tuition of $17.50, necessary to prevent a price war with other divisions of the universities, also discouraged registrants. The universities are still interested in offering longer courses when the station's currently limited amount of evening air time permits.

Instead of offering courses, they are trying to provide indirect education for slightly larger groups. "Mag-



azine of the Air" takes televiewers on informal tours of different realms of knowledge with St. Louis University professors. Washington University is sponsoring a series on problems of metropolitan development in the spreading St. Louis area. The school hopes to sponsor more programs like last fall's three-week tele-

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vision conference on science and human responsibility. Thousands of viewers switched to KETC to watch Aldous Huxley, Henry Wallace, Robert Hutchins, and others match ideas and hopes for mankind. St. Louis University is considering offering short "How to Do It" programs for the practical-minded housewife and worker.

Plus Twenty-Two Million

The universities are glad that rising enrollments have not forced them into large-scale televising of basic liberal-arts courses, as has happened in some other parts of the country. St. Louis educators are convinced, even in the face of temptation, that nothing can replace the ideal goal of one teacher and one log per pupil. For more than a year the Fund for the Advancement of Education tried to get the schools to offer required freshman and sophomore courses on television in order to provide a degree-granting "Junior College of the Air." Both universities balked at the idea of asking several thousand students to risk their education to test the validity of Fund assumptions. Prominent faculty members protested strongly. As a result the schools turned their backs on a prospective six-year grant of about $500,000. Currently KETC is negotiating with the Fund to support a less ambitious program for voluntary use of television to teach freshman and sophomore courses. This scaled-down proposal is more likely to attract the support of colleges and universities in the area.

Although the immediate uses of educational television in St. Louis are limited, its leaders remain confident of a bright future. They readily cite statistics to show the job facing the schools. School and college enrollment may increase by twenty-two millions by 1970. Teachers for many of these pupils will not be available. Through extensive closed-circuit programming, educational television can solve some manpower problems at relatively low cost. Only the most optimistic believe that experimentation will fundamentally alter the assets—and the liabilities—of the medium. Local educators, well aware of all these facts, are happy to maintain KETC as an insurance policy for whatever the future may bring.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Fateful Gamble Of Duncan Sandys

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

LONDON

"TELL ME," said a left-wing Labour friend of mine just back from two months in the United States, "am I right in thinking that we have got a real government again? For the first time in years somebody seems to be making some decisions." His obvious pleasure, reflected in all shades of opinion here, was clearly not derived from the political complexion of the Macmillan government, which is, if anything, to the right of Sir Anthony Eden's. Nor from the budget produced by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Peter Thorneycroft, which has the temerity to alleviate slightly the crippling level of taxation on the upper income brackets. Nor from Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd's deliberate silence about Britain's post-Suez foreign policy. It centered, as does the government's slowly reviving political prestige, around the new British defense policy and Duncan Sandys, the cold, clear-headed man who has produced it. The way he has cut most of the Gordian knots in which British strategic policy had become enmeshed has made him the outstanding figure of the day.

Sandys

In the five and a half years since the Conservatives regained office—years of swift technological change—Britain has had no less than six Defence Ministers. Patriarchal Field-Marshal Lord Alexander pottered gracefully around the office under Churchill's strict control. Harold Macmillan and Selwyn Lloyd both held it for brief periods, both with their eyes on higher things. Lloyd was followed about a year ago by the genial Sir Walter Monckton, a brilliant labor-management negotiator, and for that very reason unfitted for a job that called for unpopular decisions. After about ten months in office he in turn gave way to Antony Head, an able ex-regular army officer but too sympathetic to the needs of the three services to be able to realign them drastically. From the end of 1951 to the beginning of 1957 it looked as if the Tories were deliberately undermining, through neglect, their claim to be the party that best understood defense and strategy.

MEANWHILE the problems and the commitments accumulated, until they had reached a complexity and exerted an economic strain that was relatively much greater than that on any other free country, including the United States. In the first place, there were the traditional overseas commitments for the maintenance of peace and internal security in a number of widely scattered colonies and trust territories, three-quarters

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of the way round the globe from Bermuda to Hong Kong. Despite the transition from Empire to Commonwealth, and the assumption of their own defense responsibilities by India and Pakistan, and in the near future by Malaya and Singapore, various kinds of trouble—some avoidable as in Cyprus—pinned down seventy thousand British troops in scattered units around the world.

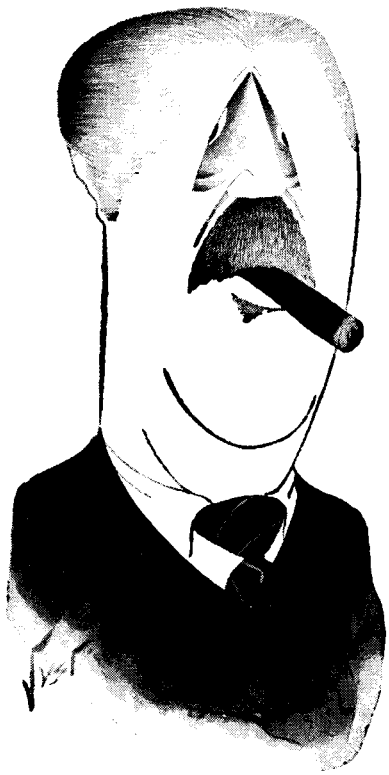
Second, the defense of the island itself, having been transmuted by the nature of the Soviet threat into the collective defense of western Europe, has come to require a much larger British commitment, for the well-known reason of Franco-German tension, than was ever envisaged when the NATO plan was first drawn up. Between them the colonial and European demands have necessitated a form of conscription that in terms of utilization of manpower is extremely wasteful and inefficient.

On top of this Britain has had an intensive rearmament program since 1950, when the United States politely but rigidly insisted that in the light of the Korean War, Allied reciprocity demanded weapons as well as men. Though this program has progressively slowed down, it still absorbs an eighth of the output of Britain's metal-using trades and probably forty per cent of its scientific manpower. By attempting to do too much too fast, the program has been rather unsuccessful, especially in fighter aircraft and missiles. Finally, for reasons connected as much with prestige as with strategic necessity, Britain has adopted a nuclear-weapons and guided-missile program that has borne directly on the most overstrained sections of the economy.

Eden and Churchill were both too preoccupied with grand strategy and diplomacy to probe deeply into the frail logistical base on which they were supported. But nations, like individuals, often see their own dilemmas and shortcomings most clearly when they have a hangover. The Macmillan government, taking office in the frosty dawn after last November's bender at Port Said, was in the right mood for a grim stocktaking.

The Direction-Finding Years

Duncan Sandys was regarded by everyone as the obvious man for the job—a tribute to his recent political record in charge of housing, military supply, and the denationalization of the coal and steel industries. He has achieved this reputation by a strange



Macmillan

route. The son of a rich playboy father, he had an undistinguished career at the correct upper-class schools and joined the Diplomatic Service. There he cut a wide swath through feverish Berlin in the early 1930's. His father had given him an Indian body servant, complete with medal ribbons and a brilliant turban, who attended him everywhere, and he much preferred the elegant parties given by Rightists like von Papen to the café life of the Left.

Feeling himself out of sympathy with Britain's official distrust of German rearmament, he quit diplomacy in 1933 and tried to found a new political party, the "British Movement," a Kiplingesque attempt to revitalize national patriotism against the flabbiness of Baldwin's conservatism. It failed for lack of funds. For a year or two Sandys's political compass veered all over the map, until in 1935 he simultaneously was elected to Parliament and married Winston Churchill's eldest daughter, Diana. Association with Churchill gave him his bearings and he threw all his immense energies into acting as his father-in-law's lieutenant in his attempt to rally British opinion to the menace of Hitler.

SANDYS was wounded in active service, and toward the war's end was put in charge, though still under forty, of the measures to defeat the German missile threat and then of the postwar housing drive. In both posts he displayed remarkable organizing ability. During the six years of Opposition after the war, he interested himself primarily in European questions. Unlike most of the present young cabinet ministers, he held aloof from R. A. Butler's attempt to rethink Conservatism into a contemporary philosophy of government. When Churchill was returned to power there were mutterings about nepotism from aspiring juniors when his son-in-law was made Minister of Supply. Sandys coolly ignored the whispers and soon vindicated his right to an independent reputation by his brilliantly precise mastery of his subject. When negotiating through Parliament the return of the steel industry, nationalized under Attlee, to private ownership, he was a model of quiet reasonableness; Labor found to its chagrin that he had skillfully avoided giving it an opportunity for a fight.

The Lonely Deadline

Little of the Churchill family's flamboyance has rubbed off on Sandys. At forty-nine he has the auburn hair and fresh coloring of a boy, but the restrained air of a man who seems never to have been young. He has a strong flat face set on a big head, but his forcefulness is conveyed by his eyes, blue-green, cold, and level. Somewhere along the road from his gay youth to his present position of strength, he has become a lonely man, with few interests except work and more work, fired by ambition for administrative rather than political power, relatively free from the conventional politician's itch for popularity and esteem. This is just as well, for he is not popular in Parliament.

When he went to the Ministry of Defence last January with instructions from Macmillan that defense expenditure must be reduced and that a way must be found to end

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conscription, Sandys behaved as he had in previous jobs. He asked for five times the number of official briefs that most men could normally digest and read them virtually at a sitting, scrawling questions and comments in the margin. Then he sent for his civil servants and the Chiefs

Butler

of Staff and listened to their views—patient expositions of the familiar dilemma between resources and demands in which British strategic policy was caught. Instead of going into a huddle with them, Sandys politely sent them back to their offices and settled down by himself, with no advisers, to think the problem through.

As would suit him, he was working against a deadline for the annual estimates, and therefore a statement of government policy had to be ready by the end of March at the latest. His officials saw him only when a fact needed checking, or when he took them with him to Washington to get an answer to his chief question—whether the United States would supply Britain with its latest guided missiles. Night after night, throughout February and March, the light in Sandys's office burned till three or four in the morning before he would collapse into bed for a few hours, returning to his desk at seven. At the beginning of April came Britain's new Five-Year Defence Plan—in Sandys's own characteristically confident words "the biggest change in military policy ever made in normal times." It had been drafted and redrafted in Sandys's own handwriting no less than seven times.

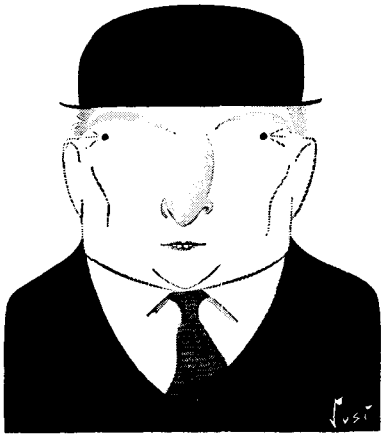
THOSE of his decisions which have caused the greatest flurry throughout the world were not necessarily those which were hardest to make, even though his predecessors had all shied away from them. In the first place, the statement that Britain is indefensible in total war and can therefore only rely on the deterrent to it, which caused a sharp intake of breath in every western capital, is really no more than a platitude. With Soviet bombers—not to mention rockets—only forty minutes' flying time from London, the fact has been acknowledged by British and American strategic planners for several years. Sandys's contribution was to state the fact so unequivocally that Parliament would accept the dismantling of most of the present expensive and obsolescent air- and civil-defense systems. Curiously, it has been accepted with much greater calm by the British—the only people in the world who have been under heavy rocket fire—than by anyone else.

Again Sandys was bowing to the inescapable, in facing the fact that Britain possesses neither the economic nor the human resources to keep pace with Russia and the United States in developing the larger guided missiles that will replace manned bombers and fighters over the next five to eight years. But though the conclusion may be inescapable, dependence on the United States for the new weapons is politically most unpalatable to most Tories and to many Labourites too in the post-Suez climate of chauvinism and neurotic anti-Americanism. Another man might have postponed the decision for a year or two, or tried other expedients, however unsatisfactory, such as a tie-up with German industry.

The Gambler and His Odds

Like all men who can face big decisions, Sandys has a gambler's streak. One of his biggest gambles is the conclusion that there will never be a period of "broken-backed" warfare between the first exchange of nuclear blows and the caving in of one adversary or the other. It is on this assumption that he has decided that practically all the capital ships in the Royal Navy, except for carriers and a few cruisers, can be sent to the shipbreakers—a decision that he has stuck to doggedly in the face of a determined counterattack by Lord Louis Mountbatten, the First Sea Lord, who has the prestige of his royal affiliations and five hundred years of a proud naval tradition behind him. If Sandys should prove wrong it is doubtful whether the United States Navy could keep Britain alive in the face of Russia's 475 submarines or so, even if British survival were its first priority.

Another and even bigger gamble is contained in Sandys's decision to reduce the British Army to some 160,000 men by 1962. Middle Eastern events over the past year have demonstrated that many of Britain's overseas garrisons create far more political ill will and friction than security for British interests, and that their function can be performed more cheaply and discreetly by a



Lloyd

"fire brigade" of mobile reserves and light naval task forces. But Sandys has yet to prove that he can fashion forces of sufficient mobility and efficiency out of so small a total—even the figure of 160,000 is based on the gamble that the abolition of conscription will induce and be compensated for by a marked rise in voluntary recruiting. His biggest gamble is that candidly confronting the United States with the limitations of British power will not lead the United States to make an equivalent reduction in NATO ground

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forces but will, as he firmly believes, commit it more heavily to the defense of Europe.

THE BIG question is whether Duncan Sandys may not prove to be the prisoner of his own virtues. He has worked so hard and so fast to think through the revision of Britain's defense policy, necessitated by its slender economic strength and increasing strategic dependence on the United States, that he may have been tempted to make snap judgments on problems that are still matters of profound controversy. His heavy emphasis on nuclear deterrence troubles many thoughtful people in Britain, including many of his own senior advisers, coming as it does at a time when the growing nuclear stalemate seems to enhance rather than diminish the importance of conventional forces if western strategy is to retain any flexibility and discrimination. In the Commons debate on his Defence Plan, he adverted to the possibility of using tactical atomic weapons without provoking general war in a way which suggested that he had read up on the thorny doctrine of "graduated deterrence" without appreciating the limitations of the idea. Many here feel that he has been beguiled by the same statistics about the relative cheapness of nuclear strategy that bedeviled the first years in office of Charles E. Wilson, Admiral Radford, and Secretary Dulles.

AGAIN, Sandys's indifference to political popularity at home has its reverse side in a certain tone-deafness toward the feelings of Britain's allies and a lack of appreciation of the wider implications of his actions. It doesn't seem to have occurred to him that the effect of publishing the British plan, with its heavy emphasis on nuclear weapons and its implied threat of partial withdrawal from the junior league of collective conventional defense, would affect the morale of NATO, the German election debate, the foreign-aid debate in Washington, and the U.N. Disarmament subcommittee's work.

Britain may be lucky to have found an extremely competent and courageous technician at this moment. But his talents for statesmanship have yet to be demonstrated.

Can Gomulka Reconcile The Irreconcilable?

LESLIE B. BAIN

WARSAW

"COMRADES, we are all professional revolutionaries. We are willing to die for our cause but are not willing to work for it." This bit of sarcasm came from an experienced Communist Party functionary who was fed up with hours of oratory at an activist meeting. Wherever you turn in Poland you meet the same phenomenon: brave words, soaring idealism, stern resolution—and absolutely no appreciation of reality. And the reality is pretty grim.

The immediate future of Poland rests on two hard-pressed men, Wladyslaw Gomulka and Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski. Both are at the mercy of the inexorable forces around them. So are those who look to them for leadership.

The dedicated compromiser who rules Poland as the First Secretary of the Polish United Workers' (Communist) Party is a practical politician whose tragedy, if it finally overtakes him, will be his belief in a synthesis whose ingredients are nearly all unreal. He stubbornly believes in trying to compromise the irreconcilable, and is convinced that, for now at least, such a course offers Poland's best hope. The best opinion of his friends and enemies in Poland is that he will fail. This opinion may be shared by Gomulka himself. Recently, when someone suggested to him that "All Gomulkaites in Poland seem to be optimists except Gomulka himself," he agreed ruefully.

Gomulka came to power last October on a surge of revolutionary fervor that threatened to get out of hand. He was both the last hope of the Stalinists and the white knight of the anti-Stalinists. But by appeasing everybody, Gomulka succeeded in satisfying nobody. By blocking radical measures to relieve the unbelievable misery of the Polish people and by applying quick-cure salves he has alienated his friends and provided ammunition for his foes. And by relaxing party discipline he faces a hopelessly divided party where his enemies outnumber his supporters, particularly in the Central Committee.

Disillusionment with Wladyslaw

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Gomulka would have set in rapidly were it not for his personal qualities. He is modest, hard-working, devoted, and loyal. When his supporters demanded the punishment of his former jailers and tormentors, he replied that the new cannot be based on the immorality of the old, and when his first month's salary of 13,000 zlotys was handed to him, he returned 10,000, saying that he should not earn more than an average official. Although Gomulka is markedly anti-intellectual and distrusts the intellectual elite, the majority of his articulate supporters belong in that classification. To the masses he is the man who *also* suffered under the Communists and who, above all, pronounced the long-yearned-for *"nyet"* to the Russians. (In reality, however, Gomulka himself never said "No" to Khrushchev and Bulganin; he merely pointed out the necessity of offering some concessions to the mounting opposition in order to save Communist rule in Poland.)

Above all, Gomulka is a devoted Communist. For that matter, as we shall see, he has no real choice even if he wanted to change things in Poland. He meant every word of his fateful utterance on the eve of the election: "If you cross off the candidates of the United Workers' Party from your list, you will cross off Poland from the map of Europe." He knows that as things are now, the Soviet Union is Poland's only protection against a resurgent Germany, the real bogy of every Pole, communist or not.

One Party, Four Factions

I should point out that it is not particularly difficult to arrange a meeting with Gomulka and to have a fairly frank conversation with him. What is impossible at the moment is to persuade him to permit his views to be put on record. The balance in Poland is so precarious that the everlasting compromiser in him is afraid a misconstrued word might upset it.

The United Workers' Party exercises governmental authority by default. Because of his personal prestige, Gomulka manages to cover up the fact that the party in power is hopelessly split, has no authority or mass support, and is really only a shadow that would disappear if there were anything to take its place. A number of factors combine to prevent any organized challenge to the party: a bankrupt economy, the uncertainties and the risks of help from outside, the demands of the Catholic Church, the restless dissatisfaction of the masses, the scarcity of food, and last—but certainly not least—the haunting memory of what happened in Hungary.

The party is split four ways: the Natolin Group, which is openly Stalinist and pro-Russian; the neo-Stalinists, who want to improve the party's methods while retaining its essentially monolithic power; the Gomulkaites, who hope to continue the tightrope act begun last October; and a fourth group that is trying to enlarge the Gomulka doctrine and extend freedom to an ever greater degree.

The Natolins and the neo-Stalinists between them control the party organization. The coming party congress in June or July will elect a new Central Committee, and the Gomulkaites hope the power of the Natolins will be broken. The Gomulkaites have no clear program beyond wishing to avoid trouble and somehow to make orderly economic growth possible in Poland. Faced with nearly insurmountable odds, the Gomulkaites echo their chief: "We can't give more than we have, but all we have belongs to the people." It is a good slogan and would be effective if "what we have" were not so alarmingly small and were not getting smaller every day.

Although not represented in high party circles, the fourth group is the strongest throughout the country. These people are still willing to follow Gomulka, but they want him to go faster and farther. Gradually they are coming to realize that Gomulka will not take the lead, but that if forced he might become a reluctant follower. They are therefore hammering away on him at every available opportunity.

Spokesmen for these divergent views have taken to airing their opinions in the newspapers. Jerzy Morawski, former editor of *Trybuna Ludu*, the official party newspaper, who was relieved of that post for insisting that the Poznan riot was a spontaneous expression of dissatisfaction and was not instigated by western agents, to all appearances has now become a neo-Stalinist. He is the chief censor of Poland and openly advocates a further tightening of "discipline" to prevent what he calls bourgeois intellectuals from wrecking the party. Ludwik Krasucki, in a recent article in *Trybuna Ludu*, called for closing ranks in tight discipline behind the party leadership, but only after adequate discussion of issues. Whereupon Artur Hajnicz in *Zycie Warszawy*, the most popular daily of Warsaw, replied that there can be no party discipline until the party becomes truly the party of the people.

The Price of Foreign Aid

These doctrinal arguments among communists are merely expressions of their anxiety over the political deterioration they see all around them. Poland's economy is nearly bankrupt, and present fiscal measures have brought inflation and more misery than they set out to relieve. Wages were raised after the events of October and they are still being raised to avoid strikes. But the real sources of economic ills have not been touched and apparently cannot be touched because a complete reorganization of Poland's economy would call for large-scale international loans and investments, which are not readily available to Poland. The Soviet Union is willing to help, but so far only at the price of re-Stalinization of the country and integration of the Polish economy into that of the Soviet Union. This might bring about an explosion far more violent than the Hungarian one.

Now that the United States has agreed to provide a modest $95 million in aid—$80 million in food surpluses and the balance as a dollar loan for the purchase of mining machinery—the Soviet Union may feel obliged to up the ante even without any guarantees. Further and more substantial U.S. aid is unlikely to be forthcoming except as the price of Poland's renunciation of the Warsaw Pact. If this were attempted, however, the Soviets would forthwith stage a revolt against Gomulka. But even short of that, the people's fears of Germany would keep them from abandoning the Pact. A prominent

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Polish economist told me: "Granted that the military fear is unreal, but the great economic power that Germany wields through American support is enough to smother us all and make us vassals of Germany. As long as America supports a dominant Germany, there can be no break in the Eastern Bloc."

Such aid as Poland has received so far is only a drop in the bucket. Without a complete reorganization of the Polish economy in the near future, serious trouble will develop. The economic misrule of twelve years cannot be corrected without a major operation, and time is running out on Gomulka.

Poland's economic troubles are the result of exaggerated industrialization without ready sources of raw materials; a topheavy bureaucracy; the maintenance of a large military establishment, estimated at 350,000 men of whom about a third have mechanized equipment; the support of armament industries, including not only small and medium arms but also heavy equipment such as tanks and jet planes; the cost of maintaining the Catholic clergy and churches; and the political necessity of freeing the peasants from compulsory marketing practices.

To become economically independent and thus be able to maintain its sovereignty vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, Poland needs capital investment to exploit its coal deposits—or to electrify its railroads and thus have more coal for export. Poland also needs foreign exchange to buy raw materials for its industry on the open market, and can earn it only by exporting more, principally coal. In order to utilize its consumer-goods industry, Poland needs markets as well as raw materials. These are readily available in western countries, but only if Poland participates in international trade as an independent nation.

Poland needs grain to tide it over the rough years ahead while its agriculture is being reorganized. The natural tendency of the peasants, once freed from compulsory deliveries, is to hoard and wait for better prices. Unless Poland has a great enough reserve to help maintain a stable price structure, reorganization of the land economy will be ruinous. Accordingly, this politically important step must wait for foreign loans. Moreover, a good part of Poland's arable land needs fertilization and chemical additives since millions of acres have been left unimproved for a number of years

Gomulka

by the peasants as a demonstration of their resentment toward the pre-Gomulka Communists.

One major cause of Poland's economic trouble is a deeply entrenched bureaucracy. For every three workers there is one salaried nonproducer. Under such circumstances it is impossible to produce efficiently, let alone profitably.

Added to the haphazard, wasteful planning that turned Poland into an economic nightmare, there is widespread corruption in every phase of the country's life. Low salaries are augmented by bribery and even theft. There is no secret about it, but the authorities are powerless to combat it. "How can a government clerk live on 1,200 zlotys a month?" a police official asked me with a shrug. Even first- and second-class officials, whose salaries range from two to four thousand zlotys, are often ready to accept bribes. In stores, factories, and other state enterprises, stealing is endemic. Unless it becomes too obvious, it is generally accepted as an unavoidable evil.

The Cardinal and the General

Cardinal Wyszynski and his two trusted aides, Bishops Bavanek and Choromanski, make up the high command of the Polish Catholic hierarchy. Wyszynski has been widely praised for his stand during the recent Polish election, which, according to many observers, saved Poland from a civil war. Wyszynski and Gomulka have one important thing in common: They are both patriotic Poles first and leaders of their respective followers second. Wyszynski also believes that the only road to freedom is a tortuous one and that only great caution can prevent a fall into the abyss. He made a deal with Gomulka whereby the Church would send its followers to the polls in exchange for an assurance that the Church would have more freedom. Five days before the election Cardinal Wyszynski kept his word: The Church urged the faithful to do their duty by the state.

Gomulka, too, is trying to keep to the bargain, aware that Poland, as one of the most Catholic countries in Europe, needs the co-operation of the Church for any state endeavor, though he is under constant pressure to decrease rather than increase the large subsidy the state is paying to the Church. Despite all denials, the political activities of the Church have increased in recent months. Mindful of the mistakes of Cardinal Mindszenty and Cardinal Stepinac, Cardinal Wyszynski is trying to restrain his followers, but most Poles believe that in a revolution the lower clergy would take a leading part.

Wyszynski's compromise with reality does not mean that he is unaware of the basic incompatability that separates Catholicism from communism. But he believes that continued coexistence may be possible. He is convinced that in the long run the Church will absorb even the communists.

If a few months ago someone had told Wyszynski that the army would emerge as a reliable though silent protector of the Church, he would have shaken his head in disbelief. Today he knows better.

Under the command of General

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Marian Spychalski, the Polish Army has undergone a good many changes since last October. Following the replacement of Russian officers with Polish professional soldiers, the army became strongly nationalistic—too strongly according to some communists. Nationalism in Poland has always had a deeply religious quality, so that whether Spychalski planned it or not, the army is drifting toward the Church. Spychalski is a former architectural engineer who joined the partisans during the war and spent five years in prison. He might be described as nationalist in feeling but communist by profession. He knows full well that in the event of Soviet intervention such as occurred in Hungary, his army would fight with fanatical determination against the Russians. In such a war the army's morale would be heightened by religious influences, and since such a war is a distinct possibility, Spychalski is doing nothing to eradicate these influences.

The Polish Army is an excellent organization with two abiding hates: the Russians and the Germans. The Russians take precedence by a considerable margin.

Voice from the Inner Circle

Gomulka, despite his personal popularity and his capacity to stand up under very heavy pressure, is losing ground. He was unable to fulfill the high hopes of last October, and, indeed, he was careful to discourage them. The poverty-stricken peasants and workers wanted more bread, the restless intellectuals a larger measure of freedom, and the rebellious youth a cause in which they could believe. All have been disappointed in varying degrees.

So far only a few strikes and demonstrations have occurred, but it is expected that in the months ahead there will be more and more pressure on the government to do something.

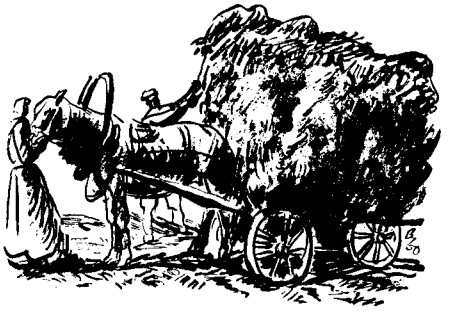
In the inner circle of the government the alternatives confronting Poland are discussed with brutal frankness. "We must have help or else we shall have a revolution," I was told. "This revolution will be crushed by Soviet forces—but not before Poland is devastated. Very likely it would involve East Germany. If the East Germans also revolt, West Germany would certainly enter the fight and the fat would be in the fire.

"Western help is unacceptable to Poles, communists and non-communists alike, as long as the West demands our withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact without guarantees concerning the Oder-Neisse border, on which all Poles are united. Soviet help is equally unacceptable as long as it is tied to a demand for re-Stalinization. The reintroduction of Stalinism in Poland, even though tied to economic help, would be a signal for most of the communists themselves to stage a revolt. Thus the problem is: Who will help us without engendering a revolution?"

It would be safe to say this analysis is one with which Gomulka agrees; he hopes to persuade either the Soviet Union or the United States or both to help Poland without forcing him to make a fatal choice.

'To Live like Human Beings'

There are a number of side issues that aggravate the chaos in Poland. The markedly anti-communist atti-



tude of the Polish youth, the widespread profiteering by private entrepreneurs, and anti-Semitism are the most important of these issues.

In a recently conducted survey, the newspaper of the Polish youth, *Sztandar Mlodych*, got some astonishing replies from its readers. Two-thirds of the answers to questions about the course of Polish politics were emphatically pessimistic. To the question "What is your aim in life?" a similar percentage replied: "To live like human beings."

It is apparent that Polish anti-Semitism has once again become virulent. Jews are leaving Poland in droves, and the few still there are making frantic efforts to get passports and visas. "After the Poznan riot," one well-informed communist told me, "Bulganin and Zuhkov came to Warsaw to discuss the problem. They readily admitted that the riot was the result of bad economic conditions and police terror. But who had caused it? The Jew Hilary Minc, who was chief economic planner, and the Jew Jakub Berman, who was the chief of the political police! Let them be tried in open court and the people would quiet down. The majority of the party turned the suggestion down, but the Natolin Group began a systematic campaign to shift all responsibility for the prevailing misery onto the Jews." Recently, in a talk to Polish newspapermen, the Soviet cultural attaché, Masljenikov, said that the Polish press is in the hands of "terrible Jewish traitors." When one of his hearers asked him what was the difference between his words and Hitler's, Masljenikov replied that Hitler was an anti-Semite while "We are merely regulating the roles of minorities." The Polish Federation of Newspapermen asked the Soviet ambassador to recall him.

After listening to people in all walks of life, I asked three leading Poles to tell me whether in their opinion there was a peaceful way out of all these difficulties for Poland. For obvious reasons, no prominent figures dare to speak for publication, especially not for the western press, and the answers I got were guarded.

A close associate of Cardinal Wyszynski answered: "Yes, but only if the present trend toward re-Stalinization can be halted and the Church is given a larger role to play in the lives of the intensely religious Poles."

An outstanding economist said: "Yes, definitely. Given time, we will lift the Polish economy out of its present state. With outside help it would be easier. Without it, there are many dangers, but I feel confident we can surmount them."

A communist intellectual answered: "If both America and the Soviet Union realize what is at stake here, they may change their attitudes. If not, then Poland will go through a terrible ordeal. But in the end we will have a free socialist country."

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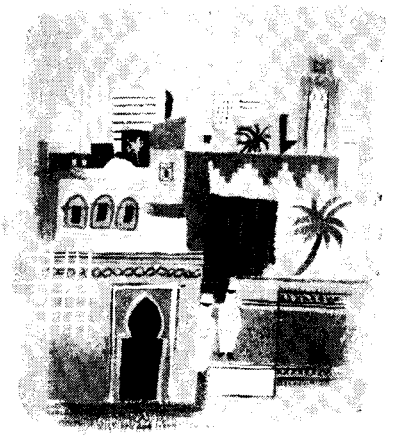
Plot and Counterplot In Hussein's Jordan

RAY ALAN

A GREAT MANY articulate Arabs—probably a majority—are convinced that King Hussein of Jordan dismissed his National Socialist Prime Minister, Suleiman Nabulsi, last month in fulfillment of an imperialist plot. Numerous western observers have interpreted the young king's action as indicating his desire to swing Jordan into the western camp. Both schools of thought are wrong. King Hussein's exclusive concern was self-preservation. But the circumstance of Special Ambassador James P. Richards's presence in the Near East to count heads for the Eisenhower Doctrine and the tone of Egyptian and then of Soviet propaganda served to transform Nabulsi into a Mephistopheles or a martyr, according to the point of view. Even Washington got so carried away as to describe the maintenance of Hussein on his wobbly throne as "a vital American interest"—which was casting hostages to fortune by the truckload. Within a matter of days, what had begun as a fairly typical palace tiff had attracted the attention of the United States Sixth Fleet.

Hussein's worries had been piling up steadily since midwinter. They were both financial and political. They stemmed directly from the policies voted by an overwhelming majority of Jordanians last October in their first free election. To this extent Prime Minister Nabulsi was a faithful instrument of the chaotic popular will. The Anglo-Jordanian Treaty had been abrogated and Britain's annual subsidy dispensed with. A pledge by Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and Syria to replace British aid to the tune of $35 million a year had been honored only—and only in part—by King Saud. Some branches of the army and administration had not been paid since February; even palace funds were running low.

Politically, Hussein's outlook was no less bleak. In the Levant even more than elsewhere, nothing succeeds like success, and the successes of the "left-nationalist" parties in recent months in Jordan and Syria had attracted many waverers who even last October had campaigned or voted as independents. Vaguely "progressive" and more than vaguely republican movements were proliferating in every town and refugee camp in the kingdom. Premier Nabulsi's own National Socialist Party and the Syrian Socialist Resurrection Party (Hesb el-Ba'ath)—led in Jordan by Foreign Minister Abdullah



Rimawi—were the most influential, working jointly for a merger, which would have to be republican, with Syria. Bringing up their rear was the communist-dominated National Front. But above all Hussein feared a political alliance between the Ba'ath-dominated Syrian Army and his own officers' corps.

BEFORE the October election the Jordanian Chief of Staff, General Ali Abu Nuwar, intent on consolidating his personal position, had been careful not to commit himself on international affairs, alternating between the Syrian-Egyptian and Anglo-Iraqi camps according to the exigencies of the moment. The election convinced him, too, that Jordan's future lay with the Cairo-Damascus axis, and during the following months he spent a great deal of time in conference with senior Syrian officers associated with their army's left-wing Intelligence chief, Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj. The general appeared to have reached a working arrangement with Prime Minister Nabulsi on the advancement of National Socialist sympathizers within the army. These developments determined King Hussein to assert himself, though not at first to the extent of firing Nabulsi.

He began by ordering the Prime Minister to curb the distribution of communist propaganda within the kingdom. This measure, a necessary prelude to any program for maintaining Jordanian institutions, was also intended, palace officials admitted, to induce Washington to take an interest in Jordan's deepening financial plight. Then, without consulting the government, Hussein sent his chief personal panjandrum, Bahjat et-Talhouni, on a series of confidential missions: to Damascus, to urge the Syrian government to recall the army brigade and ancillary units it had been stationing in northern Jordan since the Suez invasion; and to Cairo and Riyadh (Saud's capital), to urge the convening of a conference of Arab kings and Presidents to discuss means of underwriting the internal *status quo* in each Arab state.

Ultimately, all three missions proved unsuccessful, but emboldened by the preliminary replies he received, Hussein next vetoed a plan drawn up by Nabulsi for a purge of pro-western elements within the civil administration (Nabulsi had already purged the diplomatic service) and—again with an eye on Washington—announced his opposition to the exchange of diplomatic representatives with the Soviets.

Nabulsi decided to go ahead with his purge nonetheless. He promulgated an order dismissing twenty senior officials (several of whom, Hussein says, "I knew to be profoundly attached to me"), and appeared to be strangely coy about an unusual movement of armored cars on the outskirts of his capital city of Amman. Finally, on April 10, Hussein fired Nabulsi and hurriedly sent messages to his cousin King Feisal of

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Iraq and to King Saud, requesting their support in the event of civil war or Syrian intervention.

Decoy and Defeat

A plot to oust Hussein had undoubtedly been in the offing, but its prime movers, Ali Abu Nuwar and Suleiman Nabulsi, had neither completed the necessary groundwork (of which Nabulsi's purge was part) nor reached final agreement on their long-term aims. Abu Nuwar apparently fancied himself as President of a Jordanian Republic—he had already, palace circles say, designed himself a flag and badge of office—with Nabulsi as his Prime Minister. For Nabulsi, on the other hand, Jordan's destiny was to disappear: Deposition of Hussein was desirable solely as a step to union with Syria.

Nabulsi's dismissal isolated Abu Nuwar politically and heartened traditionalist East Jordanian officers, who resent the pretensions of Palestinian city Arabs generally and upstarts like their Chief of Staff in particular. On their initiative a counterplot was laid, with the king's enthusiastic approval, to isolate Abu Nuwar militarily and decoy his associates into the open.

On April 13 the officers of an infantry regiment at Zerka slated to figure prominently in Abu Nuwar's plans—the regiment was commanded by a member of his family—received an order which they thought emanated from the Chief of Staff to prepare a "march on Amman." At the same time royalist Bedouin units, with armored support, were detailed to teach the would-be insurrectionists a lesson. The outcome was a pitched battle in which five leftist officers were killed. Hussein rode down from Amman with Abu Nuwar to show him the shambles and then, after the general had been thoroughly humiliated, placed him under house arrest. Twelve hours later he fled to Damascus.

Statemate on the Frontiers

Hussein was not yet out of the woods. After a succession of "old-gang" politicians had failed to form a durable government he was obliged to reinstate Suleiman Nabulsi as Foreign Minister in a middle-of-the-road cabinet headed by Dr. Hussein Khalidi, a veteran Palestinian Anglophobe. General Ali el-Hayari, Hussein's new Chief of Staff, was hailed at once by Whitehall as a British-molded loyalist of the old Glubb school. But he decamped to Syria in his turn on learning the truth about the Zerka "rising" and issued a statement accusing palace officials and western military attachés of conspiring to frustrate the Jordanian people's will.

As April drew to a close the young king's prospects brightened. A Saudi plane brought in sufficient gold to pay his army and purchase a reserve of Bedouin loyalty. East Jordanian tribal chiefs and landowning and mercantile families who had been the pillars of King Abdullah's régime buried their feuds and rallied to his support, eager to see their perpetually troublesome Palestinian countrymen taken down a few pegs. The Palestinian mob, prevented from coagulating by trigger-happy Bedouin patrols, raised a few cheers for Nabulsi but took no risks. Most important of all, on Jordan's frontiers stalemate reigned.

Egypt, cut off by Israel's Negev (a barrier for which Jordanian conservatives were now profoundly thankful) and weakened anyhow by the Sinai drubbing, could do no more than shout on the sidelines. Syria, now President Abdel Nasser's only ally, still had troops in Jordan but had been warned against using them by both Iraq and Saudi Arabia. King Saud, who was at least as concerned to deprive the Iraqis of an excuse for moving into Jordan as to keep the Syrians at arm's length, sent a personal envoy to Damascus to stress his concern, and placed a detachment of Saudi troops under Hussein's personal command.

Syrians, Iraqis, and Saudis alike coveted bits of Hussein's kingdom, but they realized that in the event of a free-for-all the biggest prize would go to the Israelis, who had given clear warning that if Jordan's Arab neighbors upset the *status quo* Israel too would pitch in. Paradoxically, the existence of Israel was undoubtedly the decisive factor in preserving Jordan's "independence and integrity."

Gunboats for Ramadan

The effects of the arrival off Beirut of the United States Sixth Fleet are more difficult to assess. British and French observers of the old "The-only-thing-the-Arab-appreciates-is-strength" school regard the operation as a master stroke. Some officials, American and European, consider it an experiment in brinkmanship that might prove calamitous to repeat. Even this effort, they argue, could have got Washington out on a very shaky limb—and because of Syria, not Russia. "Suppose the Syrians had decided to dethrone Hussein anyway. Is one seriously to suppose that the Sixth Fleet would have proceeded to wipe Damascus and Latakia off the map and dispatch Marines to occupy Mafraq and Amman?"

A fair summing up may be that this sudden un-American lapse into gunboat diplomacy did help stabilize the immediate situation, primarily because, like shock treatment in neuropsychiatry, it was so extraordinary an occurrence. But its long-term consequences may be grave.

Conditions in Jordan the first week in May were far from auspicious. Aided by Ramadan, the Moslem month of dawn-to-dusk fasting, and assured through diplomatic channels of unstinted American backing, Hussein decided to bludgeon his people into submission. With the courage of despair, he dismissed sixty officers and authorized the internment without trial of up to five hundred civilians. King Abdullah's old prison camps out in the desert at El-Jifr and El-Bayir were being reopened to accommodate them. He banned all political parties, labor unions, and critical newspapers. An "old-gang" government under septuagenarian Ibrahim Hashem—and including, as Foreign Minister, a political "strong man" of the 1940's, Samir el-Rifai—took over from the Khalidi compromise cabinet and placed Nabulsi under arrest.

Curfew and martial law were everywhere in force, military tribunals against which no appeal was allowed replaced civil courts, and an army permit was needed for any kind of travel—even from one village to the next. Amman was a dead city for twenty hours of the twenty-four, with military check points and coils of barbed wire blocking every intersection.

For months to come, anti-western propagandists throughout the Near

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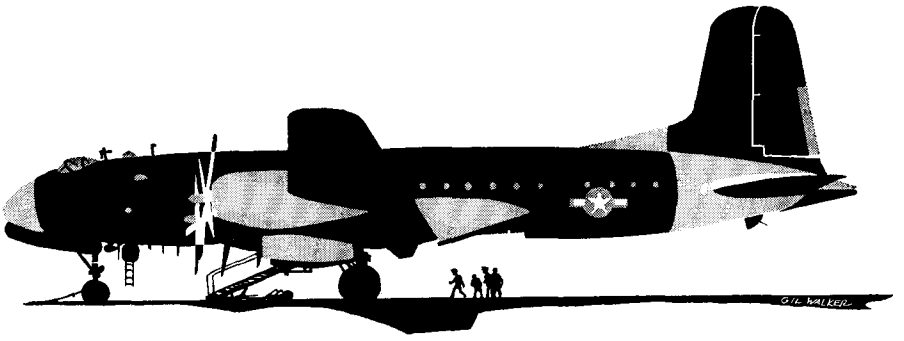
East would be able to regale their public with accounts of the blessings the Eisenhower Doctrine had brought Jordan—even though, as the State Department needs to stress, the Doctrine had no immediate bearing on the situation. Temporarily at least, the United States had replaced Britain and France as the fountainhead of imperialism in Arab nationalist mythology. (More barbed wire and troops were assigned to the protection of the U.S. embassy than to any other western building in Amman when Hussein decided on his showdown.) And for better or worse the prestige of the United States government had been geared to the fate of a Levantine kinglet whose downfall would henceforth be all the more desirable in nationalist eyes as a humiliation for America too.

By the same token Hussein became identified as an instrument of American policy. The more desperately he strove to recapture nationalist esteem, the more grotesquely he floundered. In a ludicrous broadcast he tried to demonstrate that Nabulsi and his associates were simultaneously agents of Israel, communists, partisans of Britain and France, and —crowning iniquity—advocates of the Eisenhower Doctrine. Finally, their dismissal was an essential preparation for the day of reckoning when the Arabs would crush Israel.

JORDAN'S *ancien régime* had been shored up, but with a brittle prop. A slight change of pressure somewhere, a political termite, or a bullet—and down it would come. The left-nationalist politicians, journalists, and army officers would relish their revenge all the more for having waited for it, and the recklessness of the Jordanian mob would once more be their tool for the asking. The political comeback of men like Ibrahim Hashem and Samir el-Rifai, in which such frantic western and "old-gang" hopes had been placed, would hardly prove any less ephemeral than the frail film of green that spring was spreading over the barren Jordanian steppes. From the king's point of view, the only constant factor in the situation was his personal plane, ready night and day for immediate take-off, on the Amman airfield.



The Rise and Fall Of the Nonskeds

ROBERT BENDINER

FROM all indications the American sky is about to become the permanent and uncontested preserve of just about the most exclusive club in the world. The dozen airlines that make up its membership may compete with each other for profitable routes here and there, as they have in the past, but with newcomers in effect barred from the blessed circle they will otherwise be happily free of the pressures of free enterprise. Such is the consequence of the Supreme Court's refusal last month to hear the appeal of Trans American Airlines, now under sentence of extinction by order of the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB).

The largest and most audacious of the irregulars, or "nonskeds," in the business and the only serious challenge that the so-called "grandfather lines" have ever had, the Trans American group will go out of business on June 5 for having flouted the Board's regulations. It is most unlikely that an outsider will again have the impudence or the wherewithal to contest the stratosphere with the Big Twelve.

In its long struggle for survival Trans American, or North American as it was known before North American Aviation forced it to change its name, has inevitably suggested David confronting Goliath. Unfortunately for those who like their choices simple, Davids have their Uriah episodes, in which they are more lusty than principled, and Goliaths sometimes have points in their favor. So it is in this case, and the result is a mixed tale of legislative good intentions soured by bureaucracy, of high-pressure maneuvering, and of plain cynicism—all adding up to the point that "regulation," the shibboleth of our New Deal days, is not the complete answer to sin.

BACK in 1938 Congress passed the Civil Aeronautics Act, sponsored by Senator Pat McCarran and nursed through a subcommittee by an obscure first-termer named Truman. The purpose was to spare the public, just then beginning to take to air travel, the long period of cutthroat competition that had marked the spread of rail travel in an earlier day. Protection of passengers from undue hazard, the need to stabilize an infant industry, and the requirement of a reserve transport fleet for national defense—all made it undesirable to leave the emergent airlines to the mercies of the Darwinian market place. At the same time, it was obvious that air transport was not a "natural monopoly" like gas or electricity and had to be allowed a measure of competition.

The Act therefore set up the CAB as a regulatory agency and provided for two types of carrier. Certificates were to be issued to the sixteen lines then flying passengers and mail, au-

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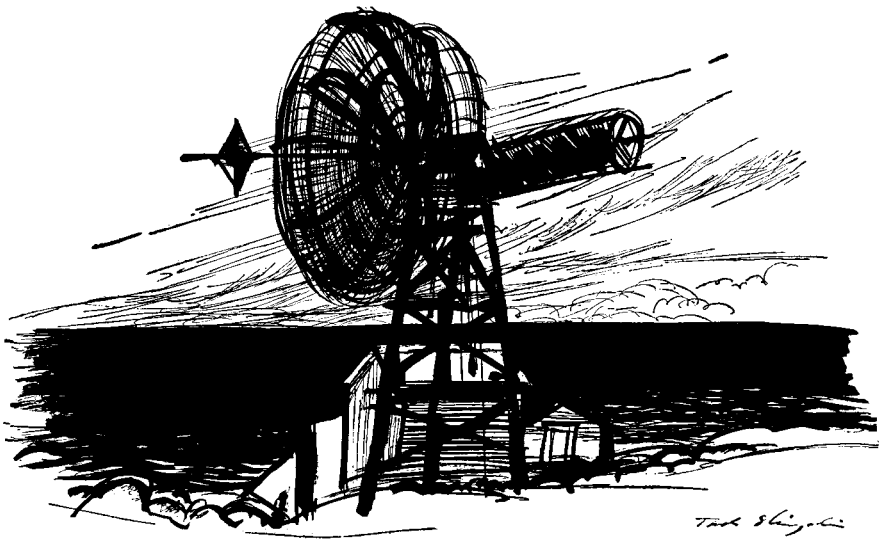
thorizing them to operate as regular "scheduled" airlines, and subsidies in the guise of flexible mail payments were to offset their deficits. In return they were obliged to meet standards of safety and convenience set up by the CAB and to fly routes that included marginal areas as well as the lush markets of big terminal cities. New lines were to be certified on a showing of "public convenience and necessity," provided the Board found them able and willing.

A second group, known as "fixed base operators," were to be granted exemptions from the regulations. They could make irregular trips, provide local taxi service, run charter flights, and perform other functions not related to regular public travel over a fixed route. Most of the trips were short ones in small planes, and at first the "fixed base operators" were of very little public significance. After the war, however, they suddenly became very significant indeed.

At a time when the demand for air service seemed unlimited, the government found itself with surplus transport planes on its hands while scores of trained pilots were pouring into civilian life eager to make use of their wartime experience. With the government's blessing—in fact with its financing—veterans and planes inevitably got together and nonsked air travel was launched.



If the CAB did not see that in the normal course of things some of these entrepreneurs hoped legitimately to develop into regular airlines, it was singularly lacking in imagination. It "must have realized," a Senate committee report was to state in 1953, "that these large transport-type aircraft would have to be used in some sort of common-carrier route-type service." They were hardly designed for crop dusting or for rushing Florida oranges to Boston.

Standard and Viking

Among those who took their own future as public carriers for granted were Stanley Weiss, an Army transport pilot who had flown sixty-four trips over the Hump, and James Fischgrund, a Navy lieutenant commander. For $15,000 down and an RFC loan they bought two DC-3s and in 1946 set up business as Standard Airlines. At about the same time Ross R. Hart and Jack B. Lewin, both employees of Douglas Aircraft, raised the small capital required to establish Viking Airlines, a similarly modest enterprise. Their plan was to tap the vast potential market of would-be air travelers who could not afford the luxury prices of the regular lines. Their formula was to eliminate the frills, especially free meals, to increase seating capacity, and to fly as steadily as possible between points of heavy traffic. Cut-rate coach flights were operated between Los Angeles and New York for as much as $50 below the standard price. By 1948 Standard was in the black and had a fleet of seven DC-3s. Together the two lines had sewn up the lion's share of cut-rate transcontinental traffic—$75 between Chicago and California and $99 coast to coast.

Between 1947 and 1949, as Standard and Viking hauled in the cash and the country in general enjoyed good times, the "grandfather lines," overexpanded and evidently overpriced, wallowed in their own exclusive depression. Inevitably they took a jaundiced view of the upstarts even though their own deficits were covered by the U.S. government. W. A. Patterson, president of United Air Lines, subsequently put the case in its now classic form to the Small Business Committee of the Senate:

"The irregulars moved in to make the most of this [postwar] situation, to fly anywhere at any time that loads were available. Thus began a cream-skimming operation whereby they would tap only the major markets and leave the scheduled airlines to carry out their responsibility of serving all communities, large and small. Thus they began undercutting the scheduled airlines and each other. They had to file no tariffs; they had to meet no route qualifications; they could operate in and out of any airport without prior crew familiarization procedures. Theirs was a free and easy business in which they had to answer to practically no one but themselves. The regulated, scheduled operators, with their obligations to the general public, to the Government, to stockholders, and to employees, looked on with some amazement . . ."

'Strangulation by Regulation'

They looked also to the Civil Aeronautics Board—and there they found comfort. By defenders of the nonskeds the CAB is regarded as the greatest drag on aviation since gravity, but there is no doubt that the cut-rate fliers confronted it with a real dilemma. On the one hand it was directed by the Act to foster a sound and efficient air service without "unfair or destructive competitive practices," and on the other hand to encourage "competition to the extent necessary to assure the sound development" of the system. By certifying the nonskeds it could divest them of the advantages cited by Patterson, subjecting them to the same conditions as other regular lines, or it could keep them in their special status and squeeze them with

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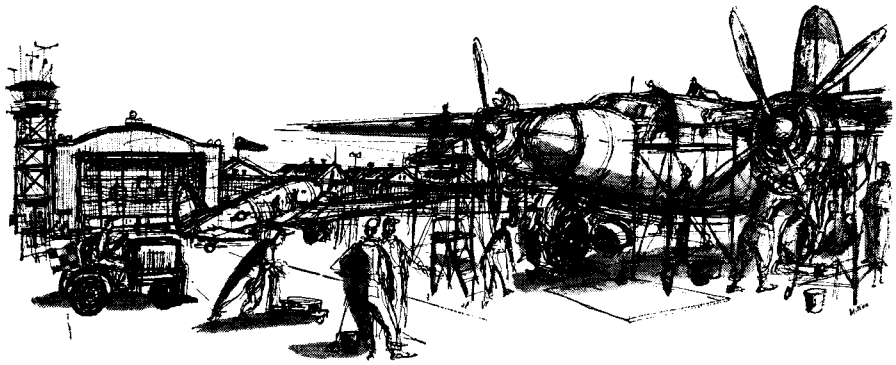
regulations. Looking at the shaky financial state of the certificated carriers, perhaps with an eye on the subsidies for which it rightly felt it had a responsibility, and having no more boldness of vision than government bureaus generally have, the CAB moved toward regulating the brashness, if not the life, out of the nonskeds.

The process described by Senator John Sparkman as "strangulation by regulation" began in 1947. Blanket exemptions were withdrawn, and the nonskeds were required to apply for individual Letters of Registration as irregular carriers. Full reporting on rates, mergers, and other operating details were called for, and specific restrictions were laid down on the number of flights that could be made in a given period. Two years later the screws were tightened some more. The irregulars were prohibited from making arrangements, among themselves or with ticket agents, for interchange of passengers, or from rotating flights in such a way as to constitute a "collective air transportation service."

"Living up to those regulations was 100 per cent impossible, and the Board knew it," counsel for North American told the House Antitrust subcommittee a year ago. "That is why the Board adopted the regulations." Senator Wayne Morse was even more specific: "A traveler must know in advance when a plane is going to depart, when it is going to arrive, where he can buy his ticket, and from what place he can collect his baggage. These things cannot be done if the operation is conducted on a tramp-steamer basis." In any case, both Standard and Viking treated the rules cavalierly. Both applied for certification and were turned down. The CAB was more intent on strengthening the existing lines than in adding to their headaches. By 1950 both lines had their Letters of Registration revoked for flying too frequently, and technically they went out of business.

ACTUALLY they merged, along with two other lines, into a complex corporate arrangement, and as North American Airlines proceeded to do business in a highly profitable circumvention of the CAB and its rules. Through a web of partnerships with an interlocking directorate, they brought together the functions of flying, leasing, ticket selling, and accounting. And by artful shuffling of schedules they managed to furnish regular service from



Los Angeles to New York and New York to Miami without seriously transgressing the frequency limits for any one line.

If the regulars were irritated before, they were now outraged. "Interlopers," "pretenders," and "bogus specialists," the nonskeds were called by Eastern Air Lines' president Eddie Rickenbacker—and these were among the more endearing names reserved for them. The Air Transport Association instructed its legal department to get the CAB to forbid uncertificated operators even to use the word "airline" or "airway." When a passenger having to take two or more lines to complete a trip inquired about a North American connection, ticket clerks would frequently express shock. On occasion they were heard to murmur something about "safety," although North American had no fatal accidents in its seven years of operation. Stanley Weiss of North American testified before Representative Emanuel Celler's Antitrust subcommittee that travel agents were warned by the A.T.A. to stop selling tickets for the nonskeds altogether or give up their franchises from the major lines.

The Air-Coach Boom

In terms of revenue, North American was never remotely a threat to the certificated carriers, which did ninety-six per cent of the passenger trade. But it was a yardstick, and as such its influence has been as marked—and as unwelcome—in the business of air travel as TVA's in the field of electric power. Some trunkline executives dispute the North American group's claim to have pioneered in air-coach travel. Alexander G. Hardy, fiery vice-president of National Airlines, told me that his company had applied for permission to run a reduced-fare service from New York to Miami and had ordered coach planes before North American was even in the picture. Turned down by the CAB, which didn't think the idea financially sound, National took the matter to the courts but without success. What is more, Hardy said, the nonskeds appeared before the Board to oppose the move and then when it had been turned down went out themselves and flew at reduced rates.

Far from being the public's white knight, according to Hardy, "the nonskeds were gouging the public during the peak seasons." In the immediate postwar period, when demand far outran supply, they exacted as much as $100 for the New York-Miami run as against the standard first-class fare of $56.

Nevertheless, it was the nonskeds, especially Standard and Viking, that made a go of coach service. They were the first to increase the seating capacity of standard aircraft and to offer coach fares, not just for flights at inconvenient hours but on the basis of greater passenger load. Eventually forced to follow suit, the trunk lines found themselves with a boom on their hands. In 1948, for example, Capital Airlines carried 1,002 passengers on its regular first-class run between Chicago and New York. In December of that year, the second month of its newly installed coach service, 3,072 made the trip at the reduced fare. Six years later, coaches accounted for fully a third of all domestic airline traffic and more than a half

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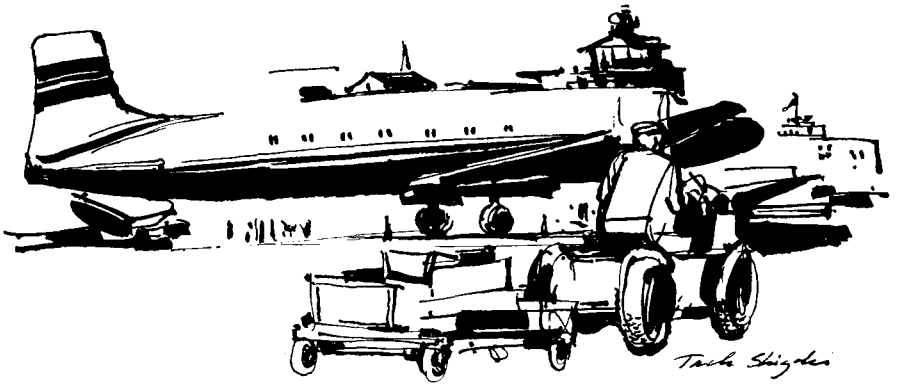
of the overseas. By 1960 all the big lines expect that more than half their passengers will travel by coach. Yet as late as 1949 United called such service "unsound" and American said air-coach travel had no part in their plans.

While the coach trade played a large part in getting the trunk lines out of the red and, not so incidentally, off public subsidy, they found the "yardstick" no more tolerable on that account. The North American combine may have given the industry a shot in the arm, but if it was allowed to go on operating outside the regulations, as it patently was doing, what was the good of the CAB or the Act itself? If North American wanted to operate as an airline, let it apply for certification and abide by the rules of the game.



THIS ATTITUDE sounded reasonable, but there was one hitch. Since its creation in 1938, the CAB has yet to find a single applicant it considered worthy of certification as a regular passenger airline. Out of 164 applications, not one was deemed to have met the requirements of the Act. That 126 of these applications were withdrawn, or withered on the vine before a determination could be made, is in itself illuminating. Of the twenty-one nonskeds that applied in the combined Transcontinental Coach case, only four lasted to the end of the proceedings. "We are small businessmen," one of them complained midway to a Senate committee. "We cannot afford to pay the fabulous attorney fees to have a lawyer present at this hearing every day that it has been going on for six months now. . . . They are slowly chopping our heads off while that is going on." Incidentally, none of the surviving four made the grade. The net result is that with twenty times the traffic we have four fewer trunk lines (because of mergers) than we had when the Act was passed.

Ambidextrous Appeals

The best the North American group could reasonably hope for was to forestall revocation of their Letters, and to this end they worked hard in Washington, covering both political sides of the street and ringing all the changes. Knowing how they stood with a majority of the Board, they concentrated elsewhere. Along with the other nonskeds, all of which were much smaller and less ambitious, they repeatedly and cogently presented their case before sympathetic committees on Capitol Hill, employing at various times such effective spokesmen as former Senator Claude Pepper, Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney (when he was out of office between terms), and Maurice Rosenblatt, better known as the kingpin of the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

The appeal was essentially that of "the little man" at the mercy of monopoly, and it went well before the Senate's Select Committee on Small Business and Congressman Celler's Antitrust subcommittee in the House, both of which, unfortunately, had only peripheral jurisdiction in the field.

At the same time, the home office in California worked the other side of the street. It mailed out model letters and telegrams for sympathetic businessmen to send to the President, with copies for Vice-President Nixon, appropriate congressmen, and Senators Knowland and Kuchel. A few excerpts will indicate an appeal somewhat different from that made by Senators Pepper and O'Mahoney:

"When the Republicans were elected with your leadership, many of us felt there would be considerable improvement with respect to continued Government interference with certain segments of our economy. . . . The Civil Aeronautics Board, in my opinion, ever since it was organized under the New Deal Administration, has had a fairly shabby record.

"The Board has a great file of charges against North American. These charges take the same form as the New Deal checkreins which were used to restrict supply and to hobble independent enterprise.

"I am behind your administration 100 per cent and want to continue to be so but I think it is time that something should be done about the Civil Aeronautics Board and its obvious favoritism against free enterprise."

In Washington North American enlisted the public-relations services of Raimond Bowles, formerly patronage chief of the Republican National Committee and assistant to Sherman Adams when he was governor of New Hampshire. On the Pacific Coast it retained none other than Murray M. Chotiner, Nixon's well-known adviser, who not only called at least one Board member but wrote a letter to President Eisenhower expressing the conviction that only White House intercession would "remedy the present high-handed and arbitrary action of the CAB. The survival of the free enterprise system in this field requires immediate and aggressive action."

FOR ALL its vigor and political ambidextrousness, however, the nonskeds' campaign was no match for the quiet pressure of the regulars. In the first place, the regulars had a strong technical case against the North American group, which, in spite of enforcement proceedings pending against it, merrily pursued its illegal way. It advertised itself blandly as "the fourth greatest airline in the United States" and the "largest and oldest air coach system." Postcards were distributed at its ticket counters with the legend "Written aboard one of North American Airlines luxurious 4-engine Douglas DC-6B air liners," though at the

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time it was flying only DC-4s. Far from being reticent or indirect about scheduling flights contrary to regulations, it defiantly printed timetables, adding only in very fine print at the bottom that these "samples of flight times are not representation that flights are made every day or with any specified regularity."

The regulars were every bit as alert to sentiment on the Hill as the nonskeds and played up to it from the start. In a letter to the heads of the certificated lines in 1948, Admiral Emory S. Land, then president of the Air Transport Association, laid down a public-relations program for combating the nonskeds' effort to get air-freight business: "Finally, the most important part of this letter is that you personally contact one or more keymen who, directly or indirectly, have this matter under consideration," his communication wound up. "The addresses of these key men are Capitol Hill and Commerce Building [where the CAB is located]. Nufced."

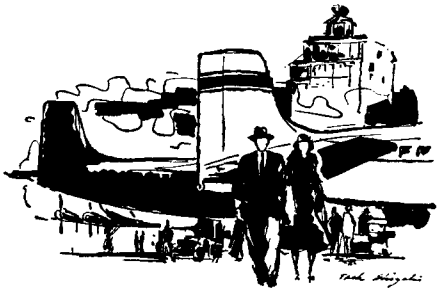
Another document produced at the Celler subcommittee hearings was a memorandum to the Public Relations Advisory Committee from John W. Thompson, an A.T.A. official. Airlines were advised in this note to "get in touch" with a group of senators who had signed a petition in favor of slowing down CAB action against the nonskeds. It was to be pointed out to these legislators that unless the nonskeds were checked, "the areas which sent these gentlemen to Congress will be affected adversely as far as air passenger service, airmail, air parcel post is concerned." Once again, nufced. With the big airlines operating in every state if not in every congressional district, with their directors scattered in most major cities and generally men of considerable local importance, the impact of the regulars is very much greater than any that can be directed at congressmen by an isolated and comparatively small independent.

Friends in Court

It is with the CAB itself, however, that the "grandfather lines" have the vital advantage. The tendency is strong for members to identify themselves with the interests of the existing carriers, and to promote their financial health, if for no other reason than to keep them off government subsidy. Many of them conceive it to be their duty to build up these lines by adding to their routes, and a good case can be made that it is to the public's advantage to deal with a dozen expanded lines rather than with a network of small ones requiring intricate routing and frequent changes of plane.

Be that as it may, the degree of co-operation between the CAB and the giants is striking, and few uncooperative board members have ever been reappointed. The classic case was that of James M. Landis, who fought Pan American and whose reappointment was taken for granted until three days before the expiration of his term. No reason was ever given for President Truman's apparently sudden change of heart.

Joseph P. Adams, who did his utmost to stimulate competition, who befriended the nonskeds, encouraged coach service, and dissented from the CAB's majority in something like thirty decisions, was denied reappointment by Mr. Eisenhower despite pleas on his behalf by the chairman of the Board and a former chairman, both Republicans. Colonel Adams's rejection was bluntly described by *Aviation Weekly* as



a "personal favor" to Secretary of Commerce Weeks, a close friend of Samuel F. Pryor, former Republican National Committeeman and a vice-president of Pan American. Adams had played a major role in the drastic reduction of mail subsidies to Pan American. Joseph J. O'Connell, another former chairman with whom I talked, suggested that in all administrative agencies controversial figures are poor bets for reappointment. The reward goes to the man who doesn't alienate anyone.

Given the feeling of the CAB's majority and the obvious violations of North American, no one was surprised when the CAB put out a "cease and desist" order in 1953. The surprise was that, largely because of the work of exceptionally able counsel, the line managed to continue for two more years, even adding another carrier to the combine, before the Board in July, 1955, finally revoked its various Letters of Registration for "knowing and wilful" violation of the Act. Even after that blow, the group continued operations, though somewhat limpingly, pending final adjudication in the courts.

Sympathy for the Trans American group is neither easy nor relevant. Its stoutest defenders concede the violations. One, a senator, says bluntly that "it brought on its own demise," and another suggests that to have granted the certificate would have been "like giving a bootlegger a liquor license after Prohibition on the ground that he had proved his efficiency." Even Colonel Adams concurred in the CAB's findings. "As a sworn government employee," he says, "I couldn't acquiesce in violations"—though he held out against the penalty as too harsh in view of the line's performance and the blank wall against which it found itself.

In a financial way, moreover, the position of these particular "small businessmen," however wronged, will hardly draw tears. According to their counsel, each of the four partners drew $111,835 in 1954 and $101,726 in 1955, exclusive of their salaries of $2,000 a month. Net profit after taxes in the latter year amounted to $835,994. Even the pending collapse of their enterprise was used to turn a handsome profit. The line's five DC-6Bs have been leased for five years to Eastern for between $35,000 and $40,000 a month per plane, for a total of $12 million. Since they are reliably reported to have cost around $7.5 million, the partners can forget all about flying and still split a profit of $4.5 million, not counting depreciation, on this leasing coup alone.

The financial fortunes of the partners, however interesting, have no bearing of course on the larger issue. "This was the last effort to crack the CAB policy against letting new trunk lines into the business," I was

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told at Trans American, "and like 162 efforts before it, it failed." While this may be putting the case too strongly, the fact is that almost all the remaining nonskeds are concerned exclusively with military contracts and the few that are not are so small as to preclude ambition. There are fourteen certificated "feeder lines," which operate locally, but they are well subsidized even now and their expansion is not regarded as economically feasible. Yet except by operating profitably as a nonsked, how is any line to demonstrate the fitness and ability required for certification under the Act?

Is the door really closed to new lines? The CAB denies it, as it must, but one of its former chairmen says, "The answer probably is 'Yes.' " Nor does the prospect bother him. "Freedom of access in this field is ridiculous," he explains; "the Act never contemplated it." But the record of congressional debate seems to show otherwise. The Small Business Committee's report found it "filled with repeated assurances that the door would still be open to new companies."

It is true that the CAB has been steadily cutting the smaller trunk lines into routes hitherto reserved for the Big Four, and in this process there is still room for competition. It is a competition, let it be admitted, unknown to the giant lines of other countries, but nevertheless it is competition among a select few, each satisfied with the *status quo* as soon as he has an adequate piece of the pie. If the pie has been greatly enlarged by expanded coach service—all the domestic trunk lines are now off subsidy—the Big Twelve who will share it have North American to thank for prodding them into the low-fare market. In the nature of things, of course, they can no more be expected to shed a tear at the wake of the nonskeds than North American can be credited with high social purpose. A vice-president of National Airlines, a small regular that has to contend with the giants above it while fighting the nonskeds beneath it, pretty well summed up the code of the trade. "No one in any business favors monopoly," he remarked, "until he's got one."

Views & Reviews

Dr. Oliver's Day of Wrath

A Short Story

OTTO FRIEDRICH

The Reverend Doctor Eustace Oliver opened his eyes warily at the dawn. A radiator clanked loyally near the bed. Prehensile feet groped for slippers. As Dr. Oliver began really waking, a wave of uneasiness, pain, and exhaustion swept over him. He put his hand to his forehead, reproved himself for weakness, and ended the gesture by rubbing his long nose. He had slept badly, and lack of sleep affected Dr. Oliver as a hangover affects the layman.

Dr. Oliver's head ached as he recalled the reason for his lack of sleep: those trombones, drums, those obscene violins, and that chorus of dissolute Italian voices shrieking *"Dies irae! dies illa!"* It had been two o'clock in the morning, and the awakened pastor had decided to suggest to his wife that she was impairing his health. He had padded down the hallway of the rectory, knocked in vain at Hermione's door, and entered in the teeth of a new blast of Verdi.

Dr. Oliver, a long, bloodless, vaguely saurian figure with one slipper on, trembled at the memory of the scene, lit only by three candles Hermione had placed before her imitation Renaissance altarpiece. She was sitting, as she often did, with her head in her hands, her long hair loosened from its habitual bun into a flow of graying curls. It was not the first time Dr. Oliver had discovered his wife in an orgy of idolatry. He had stood in the doorway for a minute while the diseased, gangrenous music swelled.

"It's really quite late, dear," Dr. Oliver had said gently during an andante interlude. There was no sign that his wife had heard him.

"Hermione," he said, a little louder. "Hermione!"

Hermione had finally looked up, tossing back her hair and staring at him with the great dark eyes that had first inspired him thirty years ago. The candlelight was flickering on the six-inch jeweled cross she wore around her neck.

"You'll never understand me!" Hermione had cried, putting her hands before her face again. "You can't understand anything!"

"Well, dear," Dr. Oliver had said. "We can talk about it in the morning perhaps. Don't you think you need a little rest now?"

Mrs. Oliver's only answer had been to reach out one hand and turn up the volume of the phonograph as Dr. Oliver retreated into the hallway and softly closed the door: *"Mors! Stupebit!"*

In the gray light of dawn, Dr. Oliver sank down onto the floor beside his bed and began to pray, still in his green-striped pajamas. The radiator kept up a regular clanking, like a magnified and ailing heartbeat in the old rectory.

Dr. Oliver felt the ache of dormant rheumatism in his knee and clung to the bed as he arose from his prayer. The persistent throbbing in his head and the banging in the radiator joined in a moribund syncopation. There was no sound from Hermione's room. It had been almost a year since she last joined him in his regular breakfast of orange juice, shredded wheat, and tea.

After breakfast, Dr. Oliver drifted into his study to work on a sermon for the coming Sunday. He had chosen for his text one of the Beatitudes: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." It occurred to him that he was not entirely sure what it meant

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to be poor in spirit. In the Greek it seemed to have a connotation of begging, as though the poor in spirit were like those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Yet those who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall merely be filled—a poor reward for moral gluttony—while the poor in spirit shall have the kingdom of heaven. Yet the kingdom of heaven was also promised by Jesus to those which are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Was persecution the proof of poverty?

Dr. Oliver put on his pince-nez, read through the four pages he had previously written, and began to draw designs on the fifth page. He drew jagged lines, something between a stairway and a stroke of lightning, then a chain of cubes and a great number of tiny isosceles triangles. His mind wandered into a review of the day's schedule before him: another meeting with the contractor, a lunch of the Benham Historical Society, a christening for the Dizzle baby, a meeting of the Ways and Means Committee . . . Dr. Oliver forced these engagements out of his mind and concentrated on the essential meaning of the concept of the poor in spirit. He grimly drew another zigzag line across the page and concentrated. His head throbbed.

Outside his study window, the gray dawn had become a gray day. A chickadee lighted on a lilac branch and weighted it down so that its tip scratched against the window. He stared at the chickadee and wondered whether it was hungry, foraging in this unpromising country. He thought of buying another suet stick for this side of the rectory, and then the chickadee was gone.

Dr. Oliver ran a hand through the thinning gray hair, which he parted in the middle. He tried again to bring his mind back to the meaning of the poor in spirit. It occurred to him that Dr. Walmsley had once published a sermon on this same text. Dr. Oliver unlocked the glass door on one of his bookcases and began rummaging through Walmsley's *Collected Works*. There it was in Volume XVII, but the sermon veered off into a tirade against the sin of enthusiasm. (Dr. Walmsley had abhorred the doctrines of Wesley.) Dr. Oliver sank into his Morris chair and ruminated on the Gibbonesque blossoms of Dr. Walmsley's prose. For how many weeks had a similar scene been enacted? For how many weeks had Dr. Oliver been compelled at the last moment to revise one of his old sermons, or a still older sermon that he found in his library? Each Monday morning

he felt the ache of shame and resolved to model himself on the old masters. Each Saturday he admitted that mortification of the flesh was the easiest triumph of the will.

At five minutes of ten, Dr. Oliver finally laid aside his book and trudged through the quiet streets of Benham to his weekly conference with Harry Valente, the contractor who had come to personify Mammon, Shylock, and Judas Iscariot.

"How are you?" Valente asked amiably as the opening door rang a buzzer next to his desk. Valente was a large, dark man with tiny hairs growing on the tip of his nose.

"A slight headache and a touch of rheumatism in the left knee," Dr. Oliver said precisely, "but otherwise satisfactory, thank you." The contractor accepted this information without comment and waved at a chair, which Dr. Oliver ignored.

"Nice out today," Valente offered after a long pause. It was still totally overcast.

"Very nice indeed, Mr. Valente," Dr. Oliver said. "So nice that it's a pity nobody is working on all that scaffolding that you've simply *left* all around our steeple."

"I had to send the men out on another job," Valente said noncommittally. "Man wanted a job done in a hurry—for cash."

Dr. Oliver frowned in disbelief, recalling the way Valente's lieutenants had spent their afternoons clambering aimlessly up and down the church scaffolding, or simply sunning themselves. They were like turtles.

"Now see here, Mr. Valente, I too was willing to pay cash for that small leak I originally asked you to fix three months ago."

"Well, seeing all them buckets you had up and down the aisle, I figured you'd want the roof fixed right," Valente replied with a shrug.

"So I did, but you said that could be done for two hundred dollars," Dr. Oliver snapped. The early-morning headache struck him again as he realized they were slipping back into the same ritual they re-enacted every week. The curse of secularism, Hermione had told him in her vague way: The church should have its own carpenters and masons and plumbers, or else the craftsmen should come to work for the church for the sake of their souls. Could Chartres have been built on union wages?

"Well, the roof was done for two hundred, and I've only been paid fifty," Valente replied sharply. "And is it my fault if all the timbers underneath have rotted away so there's nothing but the mercy of the Virgin Mary keeping the roof and the steeple too from falling on your head so your whole congregation could sue you for a couple of hundred thousand dollars? You *said* you wanted everything fixed, didn't you?"

"It doesn't matter whose fault it is," Dr. Oliver said, losing control of his aching head. "What you can't seem to realize is that the pledged word of a Christian minister may be taken on credit even though a church of God may not possess as much ready cash as some grossly materialist . . . as you!"

Valente had started to interrupt, but Dr. Oliver's pince-nez gleamed menacingly, and finally the contractor only shrugged again.

"Let it fall in," he said. "It's no

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skin off my nose. When you pay a hundred more on account, I'll go on with the job. If you want to call it off, I'll take down the scaffolding, and if you don't pay, I'll sue."

Dr. Oliver trembled. He swayed for a moment in the doorway and then stamped back to his church.

EXCEPT for the nursery school in the basement, the church was empty at that hour, and Dr. Oliver stood for a moment near the altar, looking up at the treacherous beams that had been erected in 1764. Their beauty lay in their apparent strength. Was it really possible for them to come crashing down? A lurid image of shrieking parishioners rose to his mind. Until now, he had always associated such scenes with the fall of paganism, the destruction of Pompeii, the triumph of Samson. Could this pristine monument suffer the fate of a temple of Baal?

Dr. Oliver felt he must get a drink of water, and he hurried to the washroom. Inside, he started at the sight of an entire roll of toilet paper, entirely unrolled, entirely filling the toilet basin and hanging over the edges like confetti. A towel and one tiny galosh were also visible in the toilet. A weak gurgle sounded occasionally from the flushing mechanism. Dr. Oliver recalled his need for calm as he slowly drank a glass of water.

"I must speak to Miss Hotchkiss again about this," he said aloud in a strangled voice. The nursery school, like so many other church activities that Dr. Oliver now found difficult to bear, had been started by Hermione in the days before she developed her present enthusiasm for Verdi and Graham Greene.

As soon as he opened the heavy basement door, Dr. Oliver was shaken by shrill voices, but what overwhelmed him was the sight of the basement flooded to a depth of three or four inches. A woman he did not recognize, apparently one of the helping mothers, was wading about with a mop and a pail. A terrible swear word sprang from the recesses of Dr. Oliver's mind, but he suppressed it. Instead, almost involuntarily, he groaned. "This is the work of Satan!"

"Oh, Dr. Oliver!" the woman cried, straightening up and brushing hair out of her flushed face. "It's that dreadful Bemis boy. He had the faucet on all the time I was busy with the finger-painting group in the back room."

"Where is Miss Hotchkiss?" Dr. Oliver demanded.

"Oh, she's sick today," the woman said. "A headache."

"I see," Dr. Oliver said. An infant voice shouted, "It's mine!" Another infant voice wailed in protest. Dr. Oliver turned back upstairs and shut the door quietly behind him.

"I HOPE you're feeling a little better, Miss Hotchkiss?" Dr. Oliver inquired on the telephone. Miss Hotchkiss agreed that she was much improved, and Dr. Oliver abruptly opened fire.

"I'm afraid that Mrs. Oliver may have been mistaken when she thought that a nursery school would help bring young persons into the church," Dr. Oliver said slowly. "In any case, it has brought them here in a rather different way from what I had imagined."

"I don't quite understand," Miss Hotchkiss complained.

"What I mean is that I should appreciate it if you would consider finding some other place to conduct your nursery school."

"Why, Dr. Oliver! What ever makes you say a thing like that?"

"I have just returned from what used to be the washroom and what is now chaos," Dr. Oliver said, almost convinced he was not exaggerating. "I went from there to the basement itself and found it—well, I shall only say that it is presently under water."

"Why, I can't—there must be some—"

"A flooded cellar is only a detail, Miss Hotchkiss," Dr. Oliver interrupted. "After all, anyone might turn on a faucet for the joy of flooding a basement, I suppose. The point is that the whole idea is not working out. I feel that the church is simply being used to house a co-operative baby-sitting service, and that is not what the church is for."

"This is very difficult for me," Miss Hotchkiss said after a pause. "Perhaps we could talk about it tomorrow. Perhaps you will reconsider."

When he had picked up the telephone, Dr. Oliver had had no purpose except the cleansing of the temple, but now a new thought came to him. In his condition he was unable to evaluate it, and simply said:

"Perhaps it might be feasible if the mothers were willing to pay a rental for the use of the basement. As you know, I am having great difficulties about the roof, and the contractor refuses to do anything unless he is paid more money."

"Rent?" Miss Hotchkiss said. In that one word, her always-moral tone of voice changed from defensiveness to virtual contempt. "I must have time to consider that, and, of course, to discuss it with the mothers."

"Whenever you like. Otherwise. . ." Dr. Oliver left the threat unfinished as they hung up.

" 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' " Dr. Oliver quoted to himself, " 'and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.'

"It was a wicked thought, but I can't help it. That's the third time this month they've stopped up that toilet. Where's the kingdom of God in that?"

THE Benham Historical Society, another group brought into the church by Hermione, was aghast when Dr. Oliver pronounced upon it the same sentence of excommunication he had pronounced on the nursery school, without even the possible reprieve of rent. Since the society numbered only fifteen elderly ladies and one man, the town's unique Esperanto enthusiast, it would have no difficulty in finding a new meeting place, but it was outraged at being formally asked not to meet in the historic church. Dr. Oliver, two fingers pressed to each temple, made it plain under questioning that he also intended to expel the Camp Fire Girls, the Benham Debating Society, the local chapter of World Federalists, the Poetry Reading Circle, the Pen Pals Club, and any other invading secular group that might have slipped his memory.

Subsequent conversation at the Historical Society luncheon was muted, whole slabs of creamed chicken were left to cool into gelatinous muck, and only halfhearted

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applause greeted Miss Thatcher's talk on Indian arrowheads.

It was with a sense of atonement for his action in the matter of the nursery school that Dr. Oliver welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Dizzle when they brought their month-old child for baptism that afternoon. Dr. Oliver stood in the doorway of his empty church, blinking in the cold sunlight that had finally broken through the clouds.

"My word, isn't she a beautiful little girl?" he cooed as he leaned over the basket in which the new parishioner arrived.

"He's a boy," Dizzle said nervously. He added, as though there might be still further mistakes, "We want to call him Thomas."

"A boy, of course," Dr. Oliver said. "I'm so sorry. A fine handsome boy. And how are you, Thomas?"

Dr. Oliver peered closely at the pudgy face in the basket. The baby, half asleep, frowned tentatively and reached for the glittering pince-nez. Dr. Oliver shied away, offering the Dizzles an auntlike smile.

The adults, and even the infant for the most part, were very solemn throughout the ceremony. Dizzle, a chicken farmer wearing a double-breasted blue suit, stared wonderingly at the minister as he intoned the ritual words. Mrs. Dizzle clung to her husband's arm. Young Thomas Dizzle resembled all creatures his age in fear and hatred of having strange things done to him. When he gave the traditional yell, the adults exchanged the traditional smile.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me," Dr. Oliver thought again. "This must be what He meant—unto Me, unto Jesus, not unto the nursery school."

Thomas Dizzle, destined one day to stop up toilets as determinedly as any other little parishioner, continued yowling until his shamefaced parents left, but Dr. Oliver felt none of the exasperation he had felt that morning in the basement. In fact, he felt the first peace he had known that day.

His crises returned only half an hour later, however, when the Ways and Means Committee convened in his office to consider once more the problem of the roof and its rotted beams. Nothing was made easier by the fact that three of the seven committee members also belonged to the Benham Historical Society. Dr. Oliver gave them a bitter account of his latest meeting with Harry Valente and reminded them that the contractor insisted on eight hundred and fifty dollars to save the roof from collapse.

"Why don't we give a bridge party?" suggested Mrs. Dow, who always had suggestions. "Or perhaps a series of them?"

"It was *fun* the last time," Miss Agate approved. "I can get Harriet to provide the lemonade again."

"I'm not sure you quite grasp the magnitude of this situation," Dr. Oliver said. "Do you remember how much money was raised by the last bridge party?"

"Why, there wasn't any really *raised*," Mrs. Dow admitted. "But the fifteen dollars left over from the rummage sale covered the expense."

"Precisely—" Dr. Oliver began.

"Well, why not another rummage sale?" Miss Agate interrupted. "That certainly raised money."

"It netted exactly twenty-one dollars and eighty-four cents," said Dr. Oliver with scholastic disdain. "We are now unfortunately faced with a

desperate need for eight *hundred* and more dollars, which would require over forty rummage sales. That, I think, is somewhat more rummaging than a town of this moderate size could stand."

"Well, what would *you* suggest?" Miss Agate asked. Despite the almost perpetual smile on her gaunt, freckled face, she was capable of sudden rages.

"I haven't the faintest idea," Dr. Oliver said wearily. "The church already owes more than I can see how to repay, and the collections barely cover expenses."

"Why don't you simply appeal directly to the people from the pulpit next Sunday?" Mrs. Dow suggested. There was a murmur of approval from the committee members.

"I've thought of that," Dr. Oliver said with distaste. "Although I must say that similar appeals in the past have not drawn an overwhelming response."

"Maybe it's the appeal that isn't overwhelming," muttered Mr. Sage, the used-car dealer who had joined the committee only two years ago. Since the other members had made him feel crass, Mr. Sage rarely spoke, but now his remark brought nods of sympathy.

"I don't quite understand your comment, Mr. Sage," Dr. Oliver said sternly.

Sage blushed and cleared his throat, looking at the others for support.

"What I mean is, it seems to me it's all in the approach. I mean, if you want to ask for money, and you're sure you aren't going to get any, why then you won't. It's like if I tried to sell a brand-new car as if it was some old jalopy, if you see what I mean."

"I'm not sure that I do," Dr. Oliver said. "I'm not trying to sell anything."

"We never had problems like this when we had Dr. Standish here," Mrs. Applegate bellowed to her neighbor. It was intended as a whisper, but Mrs. Applegate was almost totally deaf.

"Many other churches also had an easier time before the First World War!" Dr. Oliver shouted. "If Dr. Standish hadn't disappeared in 1922—"

He realized that he was shouting mainly for the benefit of Mrs. Applegate, but that octogenarian merely nodded and smiled in benediction. Dr. Oliver looked at the rest of the committee with suspicion. They had always been so docile.

"I think that Mr. Sage has a

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point," Miss Agate said in her harsh voice. "The church seems to get emptier every week."

"In this day of television and general hooliganism—" Dr. Oliver began bitterly. To him the church seemed fuller every week.

"But other churches all over the country are setting new attendance records," Mrs. Dow recited.

"Sure," Mr. Sage added, enheartened by the new atmosphere. "You've just got to sell yourself to the people, sell them on churchgoing as something that's—something—vital."

These were the faces of rebellion, Dr. Oliver reflected as he looked from one hostile committee member to another. He took off his pince-nez, laid it before him on his desk, and slowly rubbed the two red spots on the sides of his nose.

"I am not an evangelist," he said calmly. "I will not sell anyone on anything. I preach the word of God because it is the truth, and no one is doing God a favor by bowing down to that truth. It is also the truth that this church is in danger of collapse after two centuries of service to God and the people of this town.

"I suggest," Dr. Oliver resumed after a long pause, "that instead of continuing this meeting now, with its particularly unfortunate atmosphere, you all return home and think seriously about achieving some Christian solution to this problem."

The suggestion was received as grudgingly as any appeal from the pulpit, but the disgruntled committee agreed to go home and leave Dr. Oliver to his woes.

Alone and free from his duties at last, Dr. Oliver again wandered down the central aisle and knelt in front of the altar. The setting sun sent an orange flare through the leaded windows of the old church.

As Dr. Oliver knecled at the altar, his initial sense of relief at the emptiness of the church gave way to a vague uneasiness. He raised his eyes gradually upward until they rested on the old beams, which looked strong enough to last to eternity.

He rose slowly and limped off to his study to try working on his sermon until dinnertime.

The Music of Anton Webern: Prisms in Twelve Tones

ROGER MAREN

The complete works of Anton Webern have at last been released on records, making generally available for the first time the music of one of the twentieth century's most profound and important composers. The record shops will not be swamped with orders, however. Stravinsky may have referred to Webern as a "great composer," and a majority of the young composers in Europe may have elevated him to the position of a deity, calling ours "the age

of Webern," but to concert audiences and the record-buying public almost nothing is known that would serve to generate the enthusiasm that this composer's work deserves.

Webern's compositions have been performed very infrequently—some of the finest are yet to be heard in New York—and on these rare occasions the critics have rejected them as nonexpressive skeletons, mathematical calculations, and cold, unnatural constructions. As powerful an opinion molder as Olin Downes called them "the perfect fruition of futility." Occasionally Webern is cited, along with his teacher Arnold Schoenberg and his fellow student Alban Berg, as an exponent of that horror of horrors, the twelve-tone system. And the brevity of his pieces—Opus 10, No. 4, for example, lasts nineteen seconds—has been made a subject of jokes.

It is unlikely, then, that very many people could have known they were reading about a great man when in 1945, a few months before Webern's sixty-second birthday, they saw what was probably the most extensive newspaper coverage he ever had. "Anton Webern, well known Austrian composer," the New York *Times* account read in part, "was murdered in mysterious fashion. On the night of September 15, Herr Webern left the house to smoke a cigarette. Several shots were heard and the composer staggered into the house and collapsed . . . No motive for the shooting has been found."

It seems to be an unfortunate truth, as the publisher Jurgenson admitted to Rachmaninoff, that the death of a composer multiplies the value of his work by ten. Shortly after Webern's death, his reputation took a turn for the better. Although performances were still rare, young composers began to study his work in score, discovering what they believed to be a new musical *modus operandi*. Soon a clearly defined "neo-Webernite" school developed, and in the past few years it has become one of the most influential in Europe.

Now, reflecting the growing interest of American musicians, we have Columbia Album K4L-232 ($23.98). The music business rarely ventures anything so lavish except as a memorial. Well recorded on four LPs, Webern's music comes boxed and accompanied by a large, illustrated twenty-nine-page brochure. It includes German and English texts for the vocal music and a long biographical-critical essay by Robert Craft, the intelligent and devoted young conductor who directed the project and conducted all but the few pieces

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that require no conductor. Some of the performances are brilliant—Opus 19, the variations, and the cantatas, for example. A few—Opus 9 and Opus 24 especially—really demand the apologies that Craft gives in the brochure. But the total impression is excellent, for more often than not the nature of Webern's genius is clearly revealed.

Patterns of Ecstasy . . .

"He was an uncompromising character pursuing his musical ideals," wrote Erwin Stein, who knew the composer well. "Ecstasy was his natural state of mind; his compositions should be understood as musical visions. Webern imagined a music of ethereal sounds." The statement may sound a bit too romantic for our taste, but the music—particularly the late works, from Opus 21 on—offers evidence of its accuracy. And these are the works that show Webern's unique characteristics. Everything that smacks of compromise with popular taste is absent from them. There are no tunes, no catchy rhythms to set the foot tapping, no juicy chords—in fact, almost no chords at all. Everything is counterpoint.

But it is not a counterpoint of themes. At first one may be aware only of single notes—the delicate harp and bell tones, the penetrating thrust of a trumpet, the throaty whisper of a low flute—each far apart from the other surrounded by a tense aura of silence.

In slow movements it may seem like the light of widely scattered, brilliant, and variously colored flares sporadically bursting in a clear night sky and reflecting on the mirror surface of a dark pool; in fast movements, like a shower of sparks. But the attentive listener will notice the simultaneous and successive formation of related patterns—patterns of such suppleness and plasticity of rhythm that they almost seem alive, and in which silence is an awesomely integral part of the design. "Visions," wrote William Blake, "are not, as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour or a nothing; they are organized and minutely articulated." And in spite of the initial impression of amorphousness, Webern's "visions" finally reveal themselves as the hardest, clearest,

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most tightly knit music imaginable.

There are not many characters in the world of Webern's last works—only a few musical intervals. There are, for example, only two kinds of interval in Opus 30 and only three in Opus 28. The whole substance of this world is created by changes of rhythm, color, pitch, and duration, but it is all variation within the basic pattern. Hundreds of scintillating forms appear yet they all seem to be generated, as though by reflection and refraction, from the same source. It is as though all took place within a prism.

. . . and Breakneck Logic

For a full understanding of music, one must do more than passively submit to impressions, however. One must strive, again like Blake, "to seize the inmost form." With Webern's late works this is far from easy. To begin with, the music is extremely rarefied. "Isn't it true," the composer wrote, "that when you first see the score you want to say 'Well, what is in it?—nothing.' This is because you do not see the multitude of notes which most music has accustomed you to see." But, in fact, a great deal is in it in very concentrated form, and it happens so rapidly that there is no need for a multitude of notes.

This is most obvious in the style of orchestration. The instrumental color changes every two or three notes; a short melodic line may have five different tone colors before it is finished. (A fascinating application of this style to traditional music is Webern's orchestration of Bach's six-part fugue from "The Musical Offering.") Devices of variation, development, transition, and so on that might take thirty measures in Beethoven may take only one in Webern. Thus, in listening to this music, one must be extremely alert or it will all go by before anything is noticed.

Furthermore, what happens at this breakneck rate is by no means simple. Webern employs, with great skill and rapidity, numerous complicated variation techniques that serve to give diversity to very unified material. These are not merely technical tricks, however. They are responsible for all the logic and coherence that the music possesses. Unless one hears and follows them, one is lost in a chaos of beautiful sound.

In some difficult or "cerebral" compositions, there are factors that can give the listener a feeling of organization even though he does not follow all the working out of the musical material. This is true, to a certain extent, of Webern's early pieces, which are therefore the most "approachable" of all his works. The Brahmsian climaxes and the traditional expressive effects of Opus 1 can carry a listener along even if he doesn't notice the passacaglia. In Opera 5, 6, and 10 there are not only traditional expressive gestures —"sighing" violins, "threatening" drums, and so on—but in addition each piece is very short and creates a single mood.

In the later music this is not frequently the case. True, there is a great deal of naturalistic text setting. Bells sound in Opus 13 at the mention of bluebells. The voice flutters and plunges when these words are mentioned in Opus 23. And the opening of Opus 29 is a very naturalistic representation of the flashing and roaring of a storm. But there is not enough of this to make a continuous and coherent set of visual images. In many of the songs after Opus 12, the voice is even deprived of its usual association with the normal human vocal gestures of emotion. Particularly in the middle period (Opera 13-19), all of which is vocal, the music seems extremely "abstract." Certainly in the last great instrumental works (Opera 21, 24, 28, and 30) there is nothing to follow but the purest working out of design. And these designs, though clear, are complex. They are perfect examples of what Webern meant when he said "Music must express what it has to say as clearly as possible, but complicated ideas naturally need complicated means of expression."

Still, these pieces are not beyond the grasp of a sensitive and intelligent listener. One needn't be a professional musician to understand them.

The Twelve-Tone System

The difficulty of Webern's music may account for some of the harshness and neglect it has suffered. But more important than this is the fact that, beginning with Opus 17, he made use of a system toward which some of our most influential critics have been violently hostile—Schoenberg's "method of composing with twelve tones which are related only with one another."

The system developed from what Schoenberg, Alban Berg, and Webern had been doing, almost entirely by intuition and by ear, in the highly expressive pieces they composed during the early years of this century. Although these pieces seemed strange and inexplicable in terms of traditional techniques, the composers felt that they evinced some kind of structural principles, and like any serious musicians they would not be satisfied until they understood them. "Your ear will always guide you aright, of course," Webern once told a student, "but you must *know* why one progression is good and another bad." Schoenberg applied himself to the problem and finally came up with a partial formulation of the new technical principles. But it was Webern who took the most radical approach to the system and, by rigorous and self-conscious application of it, developed a new kind of musical structure and expression.

This may not seem like anything to quarrel with. Yet, though many fine pieces have been written in the system, the label "twelve-tone" has been considered equivalent to "poison."

Attempts at justification of this hostility usually boil down to the idea that the music is unnatural. No art music is natural in the ordinary sense of course. It is all a product of craft. This criticism must mean then that the music is at odds with natural human expression. The impossibility of supporting such a subjective opinion by reference to the music itself has led critics to

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cite as evidence the composer's great concern for "cold mathematical calculation," his supposed neglect of intuition, and his lack of trust in the ear.

It is true that twelve-tone composers are greatly preoccupied with the mathematics of musical construction. But this is a result of the technique's novelty and is not necessarily a sign that the music is any less natural than that written within the accepted tradition.

Composers using traditional techniques give the impression of working entirely by intuition—and hence more "naturally"—merely because they have assimilated the mathematical and numerical rules of their system so well that they need no longer think about them consciously. Composers using the twelve-tone system will be much more conscious of their methods, since the technique is new enough to be still in the process of development. And such activity demands a concern for mathematical relations, for this is the conventional language of music theory.

WEBERN quite consciously and deliberately made his music a veritable jungle gym of mathematical relations. Considering the beauty of the music, it seems rather to his credit that he knew what he was doing. But the popular critical mind hates to think of an artist working out such relations. It usually damns the result immediately, completely forgetting—in its enthusiasm for the idea of innocent creation—that knowledge of an artist's intentions and systems should not prejudice the critical evaluation of his work.

If one attends closely to the music itself, one realizes that the result of Webern's special kind of strict organization is not unnaturalness but the peculiar expressive quality that is so uniquely his—the shimmering prismatic quality that reminded Stravinsky of a precious stone. "We must hail not only this great composer," he wrote of Webern, "but also a real hero. Doomed to a total failure in a deaf world of ignorance and indifference, he inexorably kept cutting out his diamonds, his dazzling diamonds, the mines of which he had such a perfect knowledge."

The Power of a Positive Left Hook to the Jaw

JOSH GREENFELD

THE ONCE flamboyant sport of boxing has entered a pallid era. There is a dearth of exciting opponents for the mild-mannered heavyweight champion, Floyd Patterson, and the fattened light-heavyweight champion, Archie Moore, rests contentedly on his archaic laurels, as the lightweight title passes back and forth between a Joe named Brown and a Bud named Smith.

And yet on last May Day in Chicago the passing of an epoch was

forestalled for many by that most durable of the old breed, Sugar Ray Robinson.

Two days before his thirty-seventh birthday, at the twilight of a seventeen-year-long professional ring career, Sugar Ray, whom Red Smith has described as "Norman Vincent Peale with a left hook," used that instrument to bring a theological discussion with Gene Fullmer, a 159-pound practicing Mormon, to an eloquent and indisputable conclusion. In the fifth round a left hook ("I don't know how far it traveled, but he got the message") resolved the question of rightful proprietorship of the world's middleweight title to the satisfaction of 14,753 paying viewers and millions of radio and television free-loaders. At the conclusion of the seminar, Sugar Ray, no stranger to the microphone, told the unseen audience: "I thank you all for your prayers. The prayers of my mother and all my friends and my faith in God did it for me. I couldn't have done it without them —by myself."

None Could Compare

Modesty has never been one of Sugar's most pronounced characteristics. His usual manner is epitomized in the report of a chance meeting he once had with an American couple along the Champs Elysées. They were carrying a primitive African sculptural work which Sugar stopped to admire. "How much is it worth?" he asked. "Quite a bit," he was told. "I'll make it even more valuable," he suggested. "How?" he was asked. "I'll put my initials on it."

On his trips to Europe Robinson always surrounded himself with a royal retinue. ("A boxing champion got to have an entourage.") His party included a barber, a jester, a masseur, a golf pro, and a personal physician. In Paris his fuchsia Cadillac convertible was a common sight

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double-parked in front of the Lido. ("I wouldn't dream of going to Europe without my car.") He stopped at the Claridge and frequented the jazz cellars and existentialist caves. ("I like to live—who don't?")

Within the ring he has always been sublimely haughty. At his best there were simply none who could compare with him at his weight. After capturing the welterweight championship in an elimination bout with Tommy Bell in 1946, he dispatched all possible opponents in that class.

In 1951 he won the middleweight title from Jake La Motta, lost it to Randy Turpin, regained it from him, and subsequently retired at the age of thirty-two, reputed to be one of the few boxers ever to leave the bitter business with a complete set of teeth, money in the bank, and comfortable business interests. His holdings included a restaurant, a café, a dry-cleaning establishment, a lingerie shop, a barbershop, and three apartment houses.

'A Normal American' . . .

During his long career Sugar has encountered all the occupational hazards of a true boxing champion in the grand tradition. One of his opponents died the day after they fought; he had difficulty perceiving the efficacy of Army orders; he was the victim of a support suit by the bride of his youth. But in 1954 a new woe peculiar to our times beset him: The long arm of the Treasury Department reached out in a back income-tax reassessment. Sugar, who was in the process of hoofing his way through Europe in a new career as a night-club dancer, hurried back to the States, examined his books, and at the advanced age of thirty-four sadly decided to return to the ring. "I had a good Dun and Bradstreet rating," he recalls. "I just didn't have any walking around money."

Sugar professes no bitterness against the Treasury Department. "I have my troubles with them but that just proves I'm a normal American citizen." But he does believe the tax laws should be amended as far as athletes are concerned. "Fighting ain't a job, it's a business. When a man starts fighting he's too young to have a job. When he finishes he's too old to learn one. But they tax him like a job that'll never wear out."

Sugar's comeback was a courageous one. After a six-round exhibition bout with Gene Burton in the fall of 1954, he knocked out Joey Rindone in the sixth round of his first legitimate fight following a thirty-one-month layoff. But then Ralph ("Tiger") Jones, a journeyman in-and-outer middleweight, took his measure in what seemed a decisive manner. Sports writers wrote Sugar open letters imploring

him to quit, reiterating the boxing maxim that "champions never come back." But Sugar kept his own counsel: "When God put man on earth, He didn't say: 'You can do this much and no more.' "

Armed with faith, prayers, and a splendidly rejuvenating body, Sugar could still do no better than gain a split decision over Johnny Lombardo in Cincinnati. Then, however, he defeated Ted Olla, Garth Panter, and Rocky Castellani in quick succession, thereby earning a shot at Carl ("Bobo") Olson, the middleweight incumbent.

Sugar proceeded to kayo Bobo in two rounds. But instead of giving Robinson any credit for a remarkable ring resurgence, the boxing cognoscenti attributed Sugar's win solely to Bobo's anxiety over several untidy developments in his private life.

When Sugar Ray knocked out Olson again in a return match, this only signified to the wise men who huddle for warmth on Jacobs Beach that Olson was a pretty easy mark. And their judgment seemed vindicated last winter. Twenty-four-year-old Gene Fullmer, a hurly-burly but pious middleweight from West Jordan, Utah, took the championship from Sugar Ray for the third—and, it seemed quite obvious to most observers, the last—time. The only possible justification for a rematch, according to *Sports Illustrated*, was "a business convention—the return bout clause all bright titleholders insist on."

. . . Tries to Stay Ahead

I remember visiting Sugar Ray at his training camp at Greenwood Lake, New York, the day before he was scheduled to leave for Chicago to attend the unpromising "business convention." He had just completed "sweating out" after an intense ring workout. He wore a long-sleeved beige sport shirt and brown slacks, with a silk brown bandanna wrapped around his forehead. He rubbed his lip with one hand and drummed against his chair with the fingernails of his other. "Man, I don't like to train," he said wearily. "When I was young it was a sport. But now it's a business. And just the idea I have to do it knocks me out.

"Some writers say this whole comeback ruin my record in the books. But that don't matter. When you finish you're a has-been. Don't matter what you was." Then he drew himself up short with a new thought and ceased his tapping. "Everything depends on a man thinking positive," he said abruptly.

He sleepily surveyed the gym before him. Gathered about were two of his four managers, two sparring partners, his trainer, his masseur, his secretary, his brother-in-law, and, off in a corner, his bespectacled mother. "I'm not such an extravagant liver like they say. I just try and stay ahead," Sugar said. "If it's a sin to employ people, what the hell?"

I asked him how he felt about the impending Fullmer fight. "Man," he said with a smile, looking about the gym slowly again, "I have to think positive."

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The Rock In the Melting Pot

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE AMERICAN CONSCIENCE, by Roger Burlingame. *Knopf. $6.75.*

Roger Burlingame has attempted the peculiar task of writing Hamlet without Hamlet. He traces some three centuries of what he calls the "American conscience" without drawing upon the voices which most articulately expressed it. Thus, we get a book on moral attitudes from *Mayflower* to Teapot Dome with no Thoreau, no Emerson, no Whitman,

no Melville, to mention only the most conspicuous—and literary—omissions.

Of course the omissions are calculated. For Mr. Burlingame wishes to give us "the moral judgments of the people upon themselves"—that is, he would give voice to the inchoate, inarticulate, groping "national conscience"—precisely when it has not been explicitly expressed. He searches for this elusive American conscience with sympathy, industry, and admirable candor. And his energetic, high-spirited quest for it reminds one of Melville's dance through the many pages of *Mardi* after that maiden in the mist, Yillah. I doubt that he catches her but the search is exhilarating.

Indeed, every time one goes over the ground of American history—whether the focus be on morals, as in this book, or on the main currents of ideas, as in Parrington, or on literature, as in Brooks—there is the rediscovered pleasure, aesthetic in character, of experiencing an epic. To the unknown wilderness, sparsely populated by aborigines, come Pilgrims and Puritans; the seaboard is settled, African slaves are brought in, diverse economies develop in North and South, the War of Independence is won, the push west begins—the story is so familiar. And yet we always listen entranced like children to a memorized fairy tale. Already on the *tabula rasa* of the wilderness we dimly discern the later bold scrawl of Manifest Destiny. There's a genetic fascination here; how many great nations can trace their story from the beginning?

NEVERTHELESS, pleasure alone does not justify another panoramic survey. Mr. Burlingame has a thesis—a thesis, be it noted, modestly proffered, poking occasionally like an archipelago through the narrative stream. There is at the core of the American conscience a certain body of ethical behavior and judgment commonly called Puritanism. Puritanism, whether in its more liberal Pilgrim phase or in the oligarchic Calvinist theocracy of the Bay Colony, is full of inner contradictions. It seeks to reconcile predestination with a glorification of works as evidence of grace; it flees tyranny and establishes tyranny—casting out Roger Williams, setting up stocks and pillories, separating the colonists into Saints and Strangers. It is collective and individualistic, noble, courageous, dreary, bigoted, and a sworn enemy of the arts. But central to it ever is the disposition to judge all activity in terms of virtue and vice, salvation and sin.

By Mr. Burlingame's moral metallurgy, the American core consists of this "precious puritan substance forged and tempered on the frontier—and here must be the last criterion of our world judgments and the eventual arbiter of our world thought."

Mr. Burlingame believes that nothing that came after Puritanism—modified, to be sure, by the frontier experience—was ever so important in shaping American moral concepts. The ideas of the French enlightenment, the Revolution, slavery and the agony of Civil War, industrialization and science, the influx of immigration from all the nations of Europe, the passage of America into the world arena—all these waves and tides and storms scratch and erode Plymouth Rock but do not disintegrate it.

Thus the author would seem to think—as Freud did with regard to individuals—that the experiences of a nation's childhood formative years are basic, and that all which occurs in the adult years is merely a variation, or sublimation of behavior previously laid down. The thesis is attractive. It permits Mr. Burlingame to "explain" why after national orgies we have morning-after hangovers of repentance, why we legislate against sin, why grandsons of robber barons became philanthropists, why we have Technical Assistance programs and Mr. Dulles.

BUT is this really any more than a wishful and misleading metaphor? A nation is not a person, especially a nation as heterogeneous as ours; the American conscience is still in process. When the *Mayflower II* arrives, will its brave crew find, amidst the many-tongued hubbub and the bunting, that Plymouth Rock is still bedrock?

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A Lawyer Files His Appeal

ROBERT BENDINER

IN THE COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION, by Alger Hiss. *Knopf. $5.*

During the celebrated trials of Alger Hiss many of those who believed in his innocence predicted that a day would come when he would tell the "whole story." It would be a story, they suggested, beyond the scope of the perjury charges and the narrow rules of evidence, a story that would fill in the human gaps and explain the secret motives of Whittaker Chambers in bringing disaster to an innocent man. The more melodramatic among these sympathizers suggested it might even show that for reasons of personal chivalry or high politics Hiss had allowed himself to be trapped in order to spare someone else.

For those who entertained such speculative hopes this book must be a major disappointment, for it turns out to be a detailed lawyer's argument, more canny than revealing. The old and much-publicized testimony is marshaled, reviewed, and analyzed with skill, but it is the cool, technical, almost detached skill of the advocate. In his appeal from the courts to the public, the defendant has chosen not to assert his innocence by projecting the whole man, but to remain strictly within the confines of the indictment, merely substituting himself for counsel and his readers for the jury.

'Forgery by Typewriter'

To be fair, Hiss himself never promised more. Standing before Judge Goddard for sentence on that fateful January day back in 1950, he said merely that, in time, ". . . the full facts of how Whittaker Chambers was able to carry out forgery by typewriter will be disclosed." Much the most arresting chapter in his book is devoted to that purpose. While even this material is not new, since it was the main point in an unsuccessful motion for a new trial five years ago, it got comparatively little attention, Hiss being in prison by then and the public otherwise diverted.

Yet it was clearly the typewriter that finished Hiss—the defense, it will be recalled, admitted that the documents had been typed on the Hisses' old Woodstock—and it was the testimony of the typewriter that Hiss had to demolish in his book if he was to make good his appeal. As one who had the painful privilege of covering the trials, this reviewer well remembers Tom Murphy, the prosecutor at the second one, telling the jury how the physical presence of the golden calf convicted the Israelites in the eyes of the Lord. And here, he said, gently patting the old Woodstock, was Alger Hiss's "golden calf."

While Hiss was putting in his first years at Lewisburg, his lawyers and

friends hired a New York typewriter engineer to build a machine capable of producing documents indistinguishable from those turned out by the Woodstock. The job was done, and two experts stood by to testify, in the event of a third trial, that the forgery was to a high degree successful, though not perfectly so. In any event, the experiment would have been used in an attempt to persuade a jury that the government's hitherto unchallenged proof that the "pumpkin papers" came from the Hiss machine was totally worthless. What's more, on further investigation Hiss's lawyers undertook to show that the machine which the defense itself had located and brought into court was not the old family Woodstock after all, but a fabrication that had been "planted" by Chambers.

WOULD such testimony have left the jury with that "reasonable doubt" which precludes conviction? At first it might seem that it would have, but on reflection a stream of unanswerable questions comes flooding in. If Chambers did this forgery-by-typewriter back in the 1930's for the purpose of a future entrapment, what on earth was his motive? And why did he wait for the statute of limitations on espionage to expire before snaring his victim? If, on the other hand, he conceived the idea only in 1948 in order to protect himself in Hiss's libel action against him, as Hiss suggests, he would have had only three months (between the famous confrontation scene and production of the pumpkin papers) to locate samples from the old Woodstock, get out copies of the stolen documents which he had unaccountably saved, and have the duplicate machine built—a job that took Hiss's engineer eighteen months and presumably required a rare skill, special equipment, and no small investment of cash. To complete the plot, Chambers would then have had to place the counterfeit machine where Hiss's lawyers (but not the FBI) would stumble upon it and introduce it as the Hisses' long-lost Woodstock.

It all could have happened just that way. But to believe it did is to believe that a conspiracy more infamous than any since the Dreyfus case was carried out without exposing a trace of evidence, over a period of nine years, to the practiced eyes of trained lawyers and hired investigators. Hiss's book, justifiably critical of the Un-American Activities Committee as it is, offers not a shred of evidence pointing to such a far-flung conspiracy.

Fault can be and has been found with Judge Goddard's conduct of the case, but it is hard to disagree with his finding that the forgery-by-typewriter thesis was wholly "conjecture," offering "no newly discovered evidence which would justify the conclusion that, if it were presented to a jury, it would probably result in a verdict of acquittal." Had there been a third trial, moreover, Hiss would have had to contend

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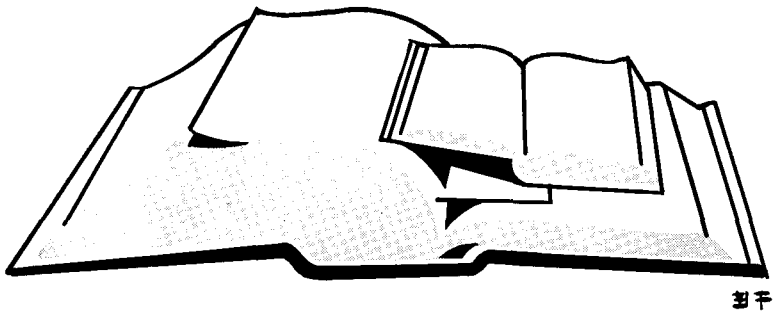
with a new and damaging witness. Nathaniel Weyl, a former government economist, has told a Senate subcommittee and repeated in a magazine interview that Hiss was a fellow member of his Communist Party unit in the 1930's and that he had seen him pay his dues. Hiss dismisses the charge in a footnote, opposing to it the testimony of Lee Pressman, also named by Weyl. Pressman admitted membership in the group but denied that Hiss was in it. So the endless process of assertion and contradiction grinds on.

Cold and Technical

Hiss's only chance to escape from this treadmill, it seemed to me, was to produce, if he could, the kind of book that would have revealed a life impossible to square with the vast duplicity ascribed to him. Breaking away from the Q-and-A of the law, he might have dwelt on the grain of his existence—the circumstances that molded him, the beliefs he held, the things he did, the skirmishes he fought, and the conversations he had, all generally susceptible of confirmation by others. As a man opposed to communism, did he never argue with friends like Pressman who clearly favored it? Did no circumstances ever occur in which he found himself ranged against these people? Were there none of those revealing episodes that would have been incompatible with revolutionary intrigue and shady trysts with the likes of Colonel Bykov?

Of course this is not the sort of thing that could have saved him in a court of law, even if it had been admissible. It might have done so "in the court of public opinion," to use his book's title. But it just isn't there. I looked in vain, too, for some sense of shock and regret at the political damage his case has done to American liberalism, a hint of pain or protest at the price paid by such men as Stevenson, Acheson, Lehman, and Truman for having taken his word in good faith.

It is this coldness, this preoccupation with technical points of evidence, impressive as some of them are, that makes this long-awaited book no more than an appellate brief instead of a human document that might have persuaded where it could not prove.



He Might Have Been A Major Novelist

RALPH RUSSELL

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST. With an introduction by Alan Ross. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $5.*

Nathanael West (1903-1940) is one of that long and distinguished line of writers whose success has been posthumous. Since his death in an automobile crash in California when he was thirty-seven, his writings have been taken up by both the critics and the crowd, and various of his works have been reissued, for the intellectuals by New Directions and for the rest of us by the paperback companies. Now all four of his brief, curious novels are published in one not especially bulky volume, with a preface by the British critic Alan Ross, and we have his entire work spread out for us except for a handful of unbought short stories and the scripts of some indifferent-to-good movies.

Grisly Caricatures

Time has been kind to West's reputation, and I think justly so, for he was a writer of strong, undiluted purpose and a sort of back-to-the-wall fierceness, who provided a grisly but telling caricature of American life in the Great Depression—a caricature that is all the more telling precisely because it is a caricature and not a slice of heavy realism or a hearty, eye-on-the-future protest in the name of the proletariat.

Except for his first novel, *The Dream Life of Balso Snell,* an unpleasant fantasy about a journey through the intestines of the Trojan horse which makes much of the damper and darker parts of the anatomy, West in each of his novels sets out to illuminate some portion of American life and some set of ideas or preconceptions in the yellowish light of satire and burlesque. Sometimes the humor is ponderous, sometimes it is light; it is, in any case, always there. In *Miss Lonelyhearts,* the scene is New York City—its newspapermen, its speakeasies, and its poor and battered who write in for solace from an advice-for-the-lovelorn columnist, a young man who makes the ultimately fatal mistake of taking seriously his role as comforter: The idea that comes in for West's peculiar brand of destructiveness is the idea of the imitation of Christ, of finding salvation in love for one's fellow men. In *A Cool Million,* the scene is practically all America, and the notion to be demolished is that decency and industry are all a young man needs to reach the top of the heap. In *The Day of the Locust,* the scene is Hollywood, and the author's dirty work is, more or less, to demonstrate the vanity of human wishes, the perilous boredom of the mob.

HIS NOVELS are full of incident, and in all of them West makes his point as rapidly and vividly as a movie would make it if movies were the vehicles of anti-sentimentality instead of the opposite. In each case, the chief characters are either boldly

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drawn or lightly sketched—in the flat, though, not the round—and make their way through a host of generally gruesome and pitiful bit players.

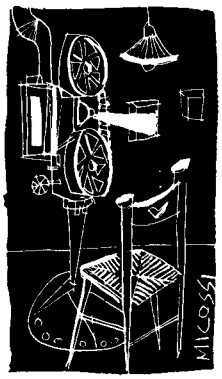
West's favorites are cripples, dwarfs, down-and-outers, sinister Orientals, plausible crooks, and bullies. The action is generally episodic, and capriciously so—it is possible to imagine any of the novels achieving pretty much the same effects with a different set of episodes—and the method seems to be derived from the picaresque novel. *A Cool Million*, whose hero, a guileless young man named Lemuel Pitkin, sets out for the big city to save his mother from a mean mortgager, is reminiscent of *Candide*, as the young man loses his teeth, an eye, his scalp, and eventually his life, only to be canonized as the hero of a fascist movement that stands for everything his own trusting nature has seemed to stand against.

Too Easy a Hatred

In this and the two better-known novels, then, West's message seems to be that everything is empty and dreadful. Friendship is pretty much a fraud. Such sex as there is—and there isn't much, apart from sexual day-dreams and connivings—is, at best, faintly repellent. The landscape is crowded with people, and the people are uniformly unlovely: deformed, dried up, slovenly, sweaty. They jostle you, they shove their faces into yours, and the faces are rank with suffering and hatred. Even the pretty girls are anatomized to a point where they seem disagreeable. The architecture—especially that of Hollywood, which is splendidly portrayed in *The Day of the Locust*—is incongruous, makeshift, and ghastly; it infects the people, as the people infect it.

Escape from this mess, as Miss Lonelyhearts discovers, is impossible. His editor and guide through hell, Shrike, ticks off the possible escapes—religion, the South Seas, back-to-the-soil, etc.—and effortlessly pulverizes each. Tod Hackett, an artist through whose eyes Hollywood is seen in *The Day of the Locust,* reaches the peak of his power in envisioning an apocalyptic mob scene in Hollywood, which he sees as a dream dump; the book ends as his vision materializes. Nobody gets what he is after, and nobody could imaginably get what he is after. Tod doesn't get the girl. The girl does not get to be a film star. Miss Lonelyhearts doesn't get to imitate Christ—not for long, anyway—and Miss Lonelyhearts' clients don't get comfort.

It is a pity that West did not live to write more. As it stands, his



despair seems, to me at least, only a couple of removes from the theatrical despair of the young aesthete—particularly the young aesthete of the 1930's, who had to cope not with the syrupy sanctimony of our day but with the grimmer, if cleaner, realities of a civilization that simply was not performing its most basic functions. What saves these grotesque novels from being merely a youthful yawp of tedium and anguish is that West could see and feel and write. For all his cynicism, his portrait of suffering people in New York and Hollywood is deeply, heartbreakingly sympathetic and, for all his grief, his writing is in places magnificently comic. Emotionally, in his refusal to be comforted, he appeared to be at a dead end. Perhaps he would have remained there; one of his merits certainly was the very absoluteness of his disillusionment—his rejection of all easy appeals to the brighter side, even the slightly brighter side.

But West's talent seemed to be growing, and one may surmise that had he lived he might have gone far beyond the merely grotesque, the merely disgusting, the merely hopeless.

Beaverbrook On the Great War

SANDER VANOCUR

Men and Power: 1917-1918, by Lord Beaverbrook. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $6.50.*

Lord Beaverbrook is the last of the great British press lords. Though his newspapers enjoy a great circulation, Lord Beaverbrook's influence in British life is now almost nonexistent. If he has any power at all, it is purely a negative kind that invariably enhances the person or policy he chooses to attack. To be an object of Lord Beaverbrook's wrath these days is almost the surest way to success.

Yet Lord Beaverbrook is one of the best-known and most attractive figures in modern British history. He must be respected even if his views cannot be embraced. And on one aspect of history—Great Britain during the First World War—what he has to say is important. *Men and Power 1917-1918* is the first of three volumes of memoirs written by a major participant in the affairs of Great Britain during the time when it won a war but began an accelerated decline from its once great position as a world power.

Very few of the men who led Britain then are still alive. Lord Beaverbrook is one. Sir Winston Churchill is another. But these memoirs do not constitute an epic work like Sir Winston's *The World Crisis,* with its magnificent prose tapestries of nations clashing and empires crumbling.

Lord Beaverbrook has written the "inside stuff." His style is the style used by his newspapers, the short

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staccato bursts, the explosive phrases that give the readers the sensation of screeching brakes. This is not meant to be derogatory. Lord Beaverbrook is offering in these memoirs the richest possible kind of history.

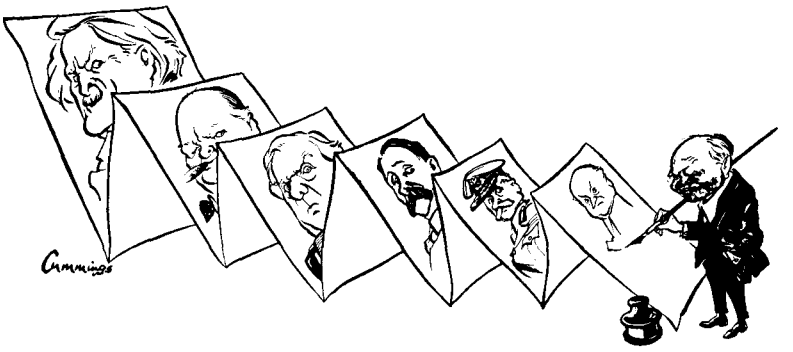
It is personal history, written, Lord Beaverbrook claims, "with complete impartiality and entirely independent of party or personal affiliations." This is not entirely true. Lord Beaverbrook is too much of a partisan to be completely objective about anyone. But his objectivity is considerable, a reflection of that sophistication of British politics which allows private admiration to withstand the shock of political opposition.

The memoirs, prefaced like a drama with a list of major characters and a short sketch of their lives up to 1918, are drawn from the memory of a man who was the confident of nearly every major figure in Britain at the time—Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Winston Churchill, and Northcliffe, then the greatest press lord in Britain.

Young Man from Canada

William Maxwell Aitken, later Lord Beaverbrook, had come to Britain from Canada, where he made his first million before he was thirty. His wealth had been made through business mergers. Now he tried the same principle in politics, where he had friends in all parties. In his recently published autobiography, David Low, who drew cartoons with complete editorial freedom for Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard,* claims that two simple ideas were behind His Lordship's every action—"mergers and the exploitation of the new values arising therefrom." After hearing Lord Beaverbrook discoursing for an entire evening on John Knox, H. G. Wells told Low: "If Max ever gets to Heaven, he won't last long. He will be chucked out for trying to pull off a merger between Heaven and Hell . . . after having secured a controlling interest in subsidiary companies in both places, of course."

No man, however, even one with a foot in both the Tory and Liberal camps, could manage to be everywhere at once and consulted on every issue. Much as he hates to admit it, a few decisions were made without Lord Beaverbrook's advice.



Left to right—Lloyd George, Churchill, Asquith, Bonar Law, Haig, Curzon, Beaverbrook

What escaped him has been filled in by use of the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle and his ownership of one of the world's finest collections of private political papers—the Lloyd George papers, the diaries and letters of Lloyd George's wife, and the Bonar Law papers.

The First World War is distant now in our minds and in any event it never meant to us what it did to the British. To them it was one of those epic events in history whose consequences seem to be endlessly unfolding. Most of the British people, including nearly all their leaders, never seemed to have grasped the idea that this war was something entirely different from anything they had experienced before.

Oscar Wilde may have been slanderous when he wrote that the British are never quite so happy as when in the presence of mediocrity. Yet there was something mediocre about the way Britain was being governed by the fall of 1916 under a coalition government headed by the Liberal Party leader, Herbert Henry Asquith, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, a man described by Beaverbrook as filled with "uninformed indolence, gentle indifference." Lloyd George, though a powerful figure in the cabinet, felt impotent as long as Asquith was Prime Minister. Winston Churchill was out of office, still in political disgrace over Gallipoli.

The Generals and the War

The generals ruled the conduct of the war. Two men, General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander in Chief of the B.E.F. in France, had the unquestioning support of many politicians, King George V, the general public, and most of the press.

In *The World Crisis,* Winston Churchill described the campaign waged by the press (Beaverbrook's papers were an exception) to enhance the role of the military at the expense of the politicians. "The foolish doctrine was preached to the public through innumerable agencies that Generals and Admirals must be right on war matters and civilians of all kinds must be wrong . . . Such was the picture presented to the public and such was the mood which ruled."

When Lloyd George seized power from Asquith at the end of 1916—with Beaverbrook acting his customary role of the man who merges opposing forces—he was determined that military control over the conduct of the war would have to be ended if Britain was to win.

Lloyd George was surely the most dazzling figure in British political life in this century, Churchill not excluded. In gaining control of the coalition and in forcing Asquith to resign, he had split his own Liberal Party. His path to power had been built upon the stones of compromises. His Secretary of State for War, a Conservative, openly sided with the generals against him. At a time when he needed imagination and enterprise in his government, he was bound by a pledge he had given to leading Conservatives—that Winston Churchill would never be given any governmental post that involved the direction of the war effort.

Lloyd George did bring Churchill

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into the government, though not immediately. The action, when it came, took considerable political courage on Lloyd George's part, for Churchill was then the most hated man in British public life. When Lloyd George made the decision, he gave Lord Beaverbrook the unpleasant duty of passing on the information to Bonar Law, leader of the Conservative Party.

Public reaction was almost hysterical. The editorial comment of the *Morning Post* was typical. "That dangerous and uncertain quantity, Mr. Winston Churchill—a floating kidney in the body politic—is back again in Westminster . . . . The one thing certain is that the Lloyd George Ministry has been dangerously weakened by what has happened."

The government did not fall because of the Churchill appointment, and Lloyd George, even if he did not completely defeat the generals, did at least manage to maneuver them out of effective control of the war effort.

Four years after the war, Lloyd George was out of office. For the next twenty-three years, he walked the British political scene like some powerless ghost, feared by all but trusted by none.

Welsh Wizard's Apprentice

His greatest days were probably those late in the spring of 1918 when the British line had been broken by the Germans, the Russians were out of the war, and the American armies were not yet completely in it. When talk in the cabinet was whether to retreat north to protect the Channel ports or retire south to maintain contact with the French armies, Lloyd George crushed all wavering with his decision to counterattack. To Lord Beaverbrook, "this was his finest moment. It was then his leadership showed supreme, his courage undiminished."

Without realizing it, Lloyd George also performed one other great service for his country. He showed Winston Churchill that a British Prime Minister must have absolute control over the direction of a war. For him to have that control, his own party must be solidly behind him. Churchill had this support during the Second World War. The pupil had learned his lesson well.

Book Notes

Masaccio: Frescoes in Florence. The New York Graphic Society, by arrangement with UNESCO. *$16.50.*

There are organizations easier to interpret than UNESCO, whose pursuit of good causes around the world as an arm of the United Nations ranges from combating illiteracy along the Congo to producing some of the most luxurious art books of our day. But no special justification is needed for this book, a superlative album of large-scale color plates of the Florentine master's surviving frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel. It justifies itself almost at any price.

A goal of much of UNESCO's work is to help acquaint people with the cultures of other areas of the globe. With this in mind it has launched a series of high-quality, multilingual monographs presenting arts as varied as ancient Persian miniatures, Hindu paintings from the Ajanta caves, aboriginal Australian design, and the high creations of Spanish Romanesque. The editors have shown a brilliant perspicacity of taste.

When it came to picking a subject that would represent to all the world the particular glory of the Italian Renaissance, the possibilities were obviously legion. A monograph of the familiar, well-loved work of Michaelangelo or Raphael or Botticelli might have served, or on the other hand one on, say, the geometric experimental Uccello, a painter especially prized among the avant-garde today. In taking as their exemplar the daring, original Masaccio, who died at twenty-seven and left only a few works that have survived, they chose a master who in his short life combined both the victorious search for the natural form and a continuing devotion to the symbols of Christian expression. They also chose an artist whose works, cracked and smoked and badly lit in their recesses, are singularly hard to see and appreciate in the original—so that even those who have made their pilgrimage to the Brancacci Chapel will see here for the first time Masaccio's detail in its full glory.

Art lovers all over the West are familiar with the agonizing nakedness of his Adam and Eve—perhaps the first "true nudes" portrayed in over a millennium—as they stagger out of the Garden of Eden under the crushing weight of their guilt. Not so many, until they pause over these plates, may have felt the whole impact of Masaccio's Christ and St. Peter and St. John, dawn on the chapel walls with a depth and tenderness that make these images live with their inner radiance as among the most searching masterpieces of western art. Their language is so universal that no translation is needed.

Madame Bovary, by Gustave Flaubert. A New Translation by Francis Steegmuller. *Random House. $3.95.*

It may be argued that the best way to look at a Greek statue would be to see it unmutilated, brightly colored, under Attic skies two thousand years ago. It may be said that to read so great a novel as *Madame Bovary* it would be best to be a Frenchman of Flaubert's time with the memory of the proto-fascist King Louis Philippe still fresh in his mind. These counsels of perfection demand of us a mobility in time and space that can exist only in dreams. The fact is that the Greek statue is in the museum, and Emma is compelled to speak to most of us in English. Let, then, the museum be properly lighted and Emma's anguish sound forth clearly. It is Francis Steegmuller's truly remarkable achievement in this fine translation that she speaks to us almost as movingly as she does to Frenchmen in her native tongue.

The Sandcastle, by Iris Murdoch. *Viking Press. $3.95.*

The weirdly fascinating people who hopped, skipped, and jumped through Miss Murdoch's extraordinary first two books have been left outside the gates of *The Sandcastle*. Here an English schoolmaster, middle-aged and married and the father of two children, does nothing more remarkable than fall in love with a young girl. His children and his wife do nothing more remarkable than fight to hold the family together. The only person to do anything out of the way is the author, who has turned this situation into the finest novel to be published so far this year.

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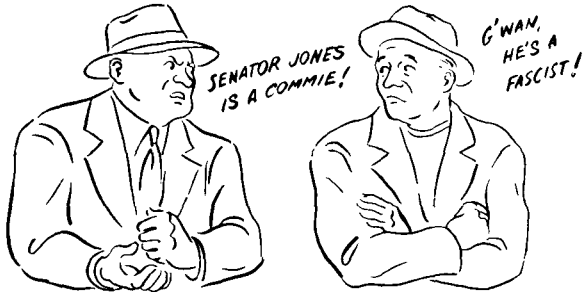
Some people ask the man on the street:



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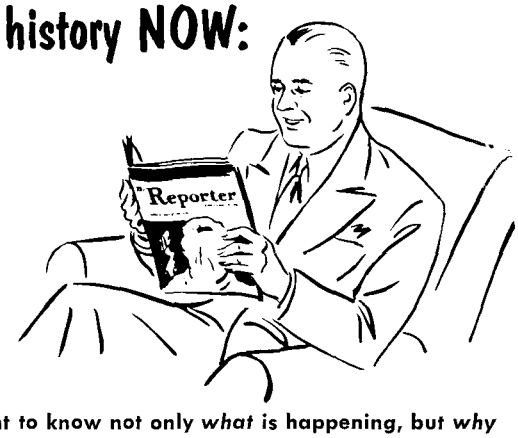

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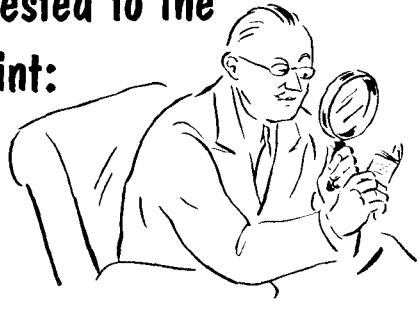

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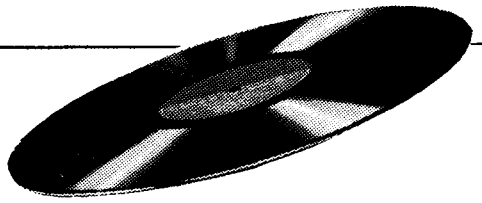

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